

NEXT WEEK—CORONATION NUMBER

# COLLIER'S

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK JUNE 28 1902

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The President, General Miles and Staff Reviewing the Cadet Corps



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Secretary of War Root

The President

Secretary of the Navy Moody

Colonel Mills

Eminent Visitors on the Veranda of the Commandant's House

### THE GRADUATING EXERCISES AT WEST POINT, JUNE 11, 1902

The graduating exercises at West Point this year also embraced the Centennial Celebration of the great military academy. President Roosevelt delivered an eloquent address recalling past services of graduates and urging emulation of their splendid example. General Porter and Secretary Root followed the President's address with patriotic and laudatory speeches. In the evening a grand banquet was held in the Mess Hall



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"Begins Right, Ends Right, is Right in the Middle."—NEW YORK CENTRAL



# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NO MEASURE BEFORE THE PRESENT CONGRESS seemed to arouse more genuine or more general public sympathy than the "Cuban relief bill." It had the support of nearly all the newspapers, the Administration and the leaders of both parties. It was opposed by what seemed at first only a small and selfish faction. But the ways of politics are mysterious, and the lobbying of the beet sugar manufacturers has been, apparently, more potent than public opinion inflamed by a generous purpose to round our benefactions to Cuba with the one concession necessary to start her fairly on her way as an independent State. Early in June it became apparent that the "anti-Administration" Senators, led by Senator Elkins of West Virginia, were preparing a scientific resistance to the bill. Their strength, instead of diminishing before the newspaper attacks, increased daily. Mr. Roosevelt sent a special message to Congress in which he insisted with characteristic energy upon our obligations to Cuba. The message was applauded everywhere. It was a political cavalry charge. It was exciting and picturesque, but "it was not war." The anti-Administration forces did not stampede. At this writing it looks as if they had carried the day and that it will be impossible to pass the bill in a form advantageous to Cuba's industrial prosperity. Meanwhile, now that the acclamations for the new republic have died away, cheerless reports of the commercial conditions on the island are coming in. Lean days are before Cuba and the Cubans may ponder the comparative advantage of a bankrupt republic and a pauper dependency. If they find that, after all their trials, they have merely exchanged oppression for starvation, they may thank Mr. Elkins of West Virginia and his friends. For our part, we may be duly grateful that the trifle of human rights has not been permitted to make a crevice in the tariff dike that protects the manufacture of sugar out of beets.

ONE OF THE MANY COMPLICATIONS OF THE strike of miners in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania is the estrangement of Senator Hanna from some of his Wall Street friends. The presidents of the coal railways are disposed to blame him for the present mood of the union men. They say he went over the books of the companies and ratified their opinion that the mines could not be worked profitably if the wages demanded by the union were conceded, but when he talked with Mr. Mitchell, the president of the union, he encouraged him by saying that the companies could grant the demands "if they would only raise the price of hard coal to the public." Mr. Mitchell, who is not a man of guile, put this argument in writing and enabled the coal operators, for whom the public usually has very little sympathy, to score heavily in the newspaper discussion that followed. So Mr. Hanna and the gentleman who used to contribute almost enthusiastically when he came around for help in his campaigns are "out," and they are saying as unkind things about each other as the Populists ever said about either.

THE STRIKE HAS INDIRECTLY CAUSED THE rapid denigration of New York. That supercilious village has enjoyed its joke on Pittsburg and Chicago these many years, but now New York is weeping for the humiliation of the soot on its nose and for the pain of the cinder in its eye. There is a shortage of hard coal. The manufacturers and railway companies are not loth to take advantage of a situation that permits them to sin and save money. Result, thousands of chimneys pouring out black clouds, the neighborhood of the elevated railways suffocated by the reek of the bituminous coal and the air throughout the island growing more dense and fuliginous daily. At present the metropolis is not as black as it is painted in the newspapers, nor has it even reached the stage to which prosperity, economy and lax chimney inspection have brought Chicago and London. But it is making progress. The humidity that is so much a feature of the summer season here that New York people seem to be rather proud of it has been a willing ally of the nuisance. Once out of the chimney, the smoke stays and stains.

IT IS SO MANY YEARS SINCE THE FIRST "limited" train was installed between New York and Chicago that most of us have wondered why the time was never cut down from the original twenty-four hours. The New York Central and Lake Shore companies could have put on trains long ago to cover the distance in twenty or even eighteen hours. A reason given for the failure to keep pace with the fastest Western roads, and even with a few

fast trains in England and France, is that the Pennsylvania company did not wish to reduce the time of their train and the New York Central feared to take the first step and so invite a rate war. Finally the difficulties were surmounted in some way unknown to the public, and now it is possible to leave New York in the middle of the afternoon and arrive in Chicago the next morning—time, twenty hours. This is not "flying," even in the railway usage of the word, but is good time for a long haul, and it means a great deal in these days of breathless haste.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THIS PAPER THE SENATE leaders in the debate on the isthmian canal—Senator Hanna for Panama and Senator Morgan for Nicaragua—have set forth their arguments in a way that must make the situation so clear to the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY that they will have no trouble in making up their minds—both ways. The strength of the Panama position is the unanimous report of the commission appointed to investigate the routes. True, the commission at first favored the Nicaraguan route, but when the French stockholders of Panama offered to sell out for a sum far below the one originally proposed the commissioners voted to accept the offer. On the mere question of cost, the Panama route would seem to have the advantage. Also, there are volcanoes in Nicaragua capable of ejecting no-one-knows-how-many cubic yards of lava and mud and spoiling the canal. But, on the other hand, there exists beyond question a deep-seated public feeling in favor of the Nicaragua route. The public has been "educated up" to Nicaragua by long years of discussion, and it has little knowledge of Panama except as a spot equally prolific of scandal and pestilence. The debate has given rise to a good deal of bad feeling, and charges of corruption have gained force because of the eagerness of the French shareholders to get rid of an undertaking that will be anathema in France for many years to come. But we hardly think the people who make the accusations really believe them.

THE SUBMISSION OF THE BOERS WAS AS GRACEFUL as their friends in all parts of the world could wish. They lost in their surrender none of the respect they had gained by their unparalleled resistance. We may take with allowance for a natural feeling of relief the statements of the London papers that they joined in singing "God Save the King," but we must believe they are glad the war is over and they are permitted to join their families again and take up the peaceful pursuits of life. Their leaders—De Wet, De la Rey and Steyn—gave them the wise counsel that was to be expected from these magnanimous heroes, advising them to accept the new conditions and work together for the prosperity of the land. Even the English public, which has not been too generous, has managed to spare from its rejoicings a few words of sympathy and respect for the beaten republicans, and the King has mildly expressed his admiration for the valor of his late enemies. The peace in South Africa has brought peace also to the Liberal party, who are now reunited in the moderately happy frame of mind becoming a dull and orderly political faction. They are prepared to resist the attempt of the irreconcilable English in South Africa who propose a suspension of the Cape Constitution. The terms of the peace seem reasonable, but the preposterous Dr. Jameson has been heard to protest. Fortunately, the public is not in a humor to listen to the advice of the group of financial and political adventurers who are mainly to blame for the huge load of debt under which the British taxpayer must labor for years.

THE REPORTS OF THE PHILIPPINE COURTS-martial are in the President's hands. Awaiting action from the White House, General Jacob Smith has taken occasion to harangue his men on their own and his gallantry, persistence, toleration, generosity and other soldierly virtues which we would rather see practiced than read about. Possibly General Smith deserves all the praise he has received from his friends. He admits it. But, in the circumstances, we would all be pleased to note a touch of reserve about his public appearances. The court-martial declared him not guilty. Very well; he is not guilty. But beyond that, in view of the evidence upon which this verdict was based, not even the defenders of General Smith would care to go. Small guerilla warfare continues in the Philippines, but Secretary Root tells his friends that he has information which would warrant him in declaring that the war is over—at last. He thinks an army of from fifteen to twenty thousand men will be sufficient to

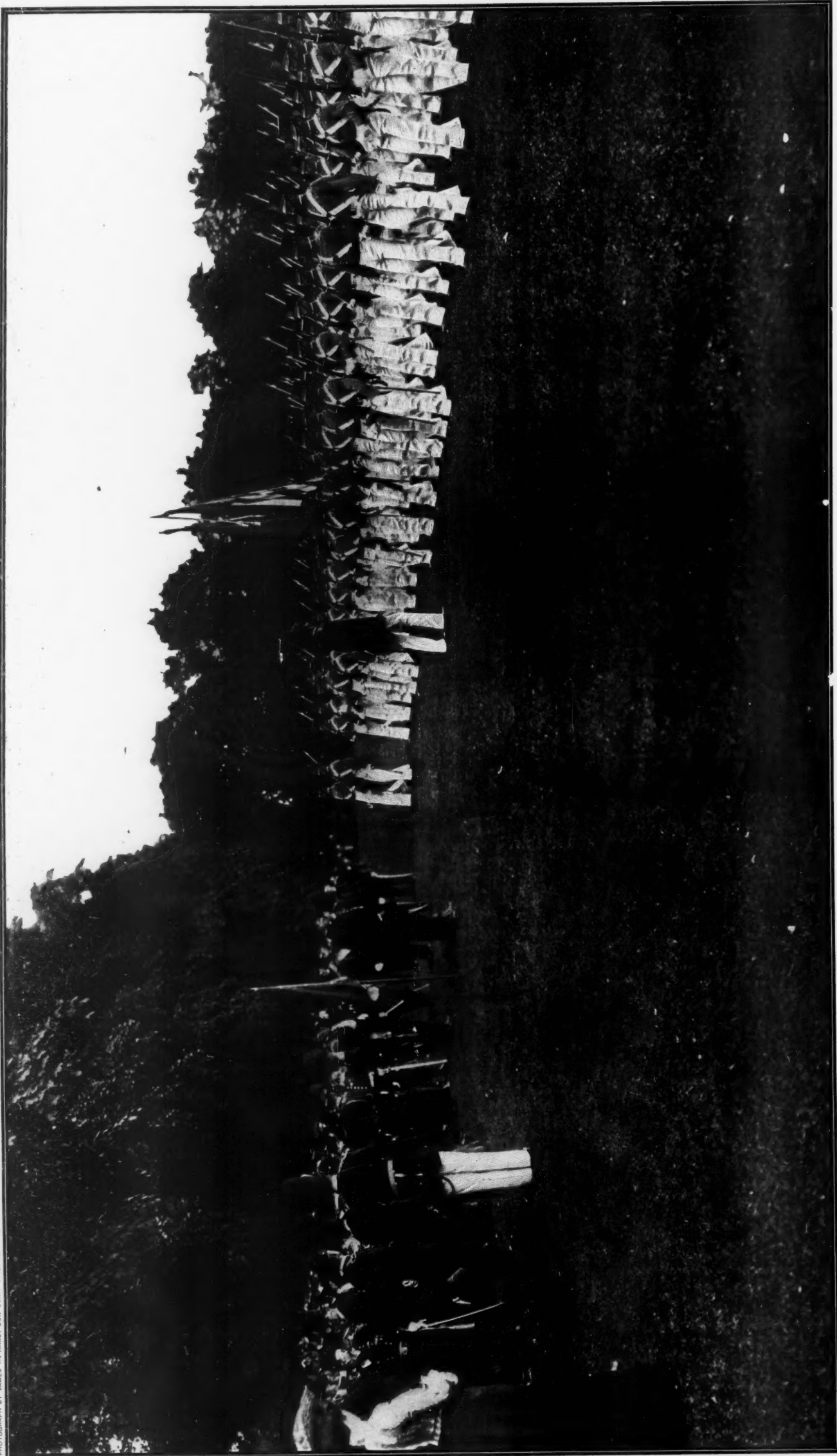
police the country. One thing certain is that commercial activity has been renewed at Manila. Prices are higher and so are wages—not an unmixed blessing to employers who complain that they are paying two or three times as much for labor now as they did under the Spanish régime.

WEST POINT, WHICH SUFFERS A GOOD MANY kicks with its ha'pence, had its hour of triumph the other day when the President and many distinguished soldiers and public men went up the Hudson to join in the centennial celebration. The President spoke affably to General Miles, after an excruciating moment in which the crowd wondered what was going to happen; Cadet Titus, by whose example we frequently demonstrate the theory that an enlisted man can gain a commission, received a medal because he was first over the wall at Pekin; there were parades by day and dances by night; General Porter delivered an oration, and Mr. Roosevelt (in the circumstances, Colonel Roosevelt) made a speech. The President adverted genially to the assistance given him by graduates of West Point during the war in Cuba. He also gave it as his notion that hereafter in warfare the unit will not be the regiment or the company, but the individual. The soldier "must know how to shoot, how to shift for himself, how both to obey orders and accept responsibility" or "you had better have him out of the army." In conclusion, he paid a fine tribute to the good qualities of the graduates of West Point. No one who reads the history of this country will dissent from that. Congressmen are sometimes disposed, through forgetting the exuberant follies of youth, to deal harshly with West Point and talk of its cadets as if they were inmates of a workhouse. But the institution, in spite of the occasional silly scandals that are magnified into tragedies by zealous politicians, ranks among the best of military academies and, we believe, improves every year. It is only necessary to point to the records of the War Department, not to speak of thousands of acts of high-minded courage and devotion to duty which are never chronicled, to feel the debt of gratitude we owe to West Point and its graduates.

AFTER A TRIAL LASTING FOR MORE THAN THREE months, Musolino, the Italian bandit, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, the maximum penalty for homicide under the Italian law. And there is great sorrow in Italy in consequence, for Musolino was undoubtedly the most popular man in the peninsula and, under a republican form of government, might have been elected to almost any office he liked. He certainly would have had the unanimous support of the electorate of Naples if professional jealousy did not poison the love of that city of brigands for this great man. He began his descent—or rise—in the world by quarrelling with the police, took to the highway and robbed and plundered for many years. He received credit from his countrymen for twenty-five murders. He was protected by the poor, whom he befriended in the classical manner, but the long arm of the law finally brought him down, and he was tried and convicted at Lucca. While the process was going on, no one pretended to read about anything else, and the noses of all youthful Italy were flattened against the windows of shops where beautiful paintings of the hero were on sale. In reality, his appearance was far from picturesque. He looked like an ordinary sneak-thief.

MR. MANSFIELD, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR, HAS delivered himself of the opinion that "the art of acting is diminishing every day and bids fair to disappear entirely. The newspapers are largely responsible for this condition." He further says a person to succeed on the stage "should be possessed of good eyes, good teeth (minus gold filling), a good figure, a good voice (cultivated by competent teachers), and a slight knowledge of the French language (sufficient to pronounce properly monsieur, madame, au revoir, monseigneur, etc.). He should know how to sit down and how to stand up, and have the manners of being accustomed to good society." Other actors, even those who are not in his company, do not agree with Mr. Mansfield. They are perfectly conscious of worthily upholding the best traditions of the stage, and each of them is sure that as long as Heaven spares him the "art of acting" will not decay. Possibly the players are taking themselves and their calling too seriously. They are not to blame for that. It is an old story of the stage. But should the rest of us grow solemn over an "art" that depends chiefly upon the dentist, the hairdresser, the masseur, the dancing-master and the teacher of "a slight knowledge of French"?

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT WEST POINT—PARADING THE CADET CORPS BEFORE THE PRESIDENT

At the close of this ceremony, which was also witnessed by the Cabinet members, diplomatic representatives from foreign countries and many of the highest officers of the Army, the corps was halted within a few paces of the President, who then called Cadet Titus from the ranks and presented him with a medal in reward for his achievement of being the first to scale the wall at Pekin while serving as a private in the Fourteenth Infantry. This photograph was taken just as the order to "Halt!" was given; the cadets at the extreme right of the picture have already started to bring their pieces to the ground. The President is seen standing near the flag, to the left



# THE ISTHMIAN CANAL QUESTION

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE PANAMA ROUTE, By SENATOR M. A. HANNA, OF OHIO

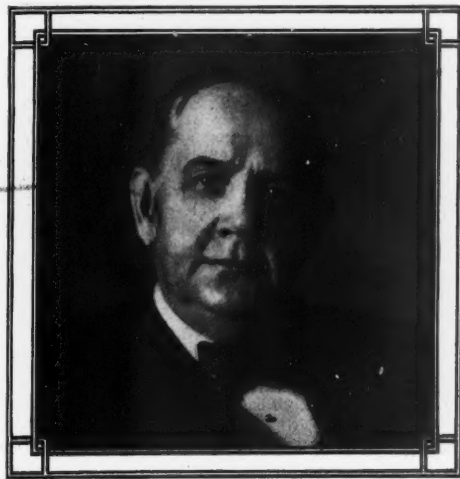
**A**FTER DE LESSEPS had begun the tidewater canal at Panama the United States thought seriously of entering the isthmian field and constructing a canal of its own. The one route open to us appeared to be that through Nicaragua. This was the unoccupied route; the other had been taken possession of. Naturally, public attention in this country was fixed on the Nicaragua route. It was our project. We were all for Nicaragua. Political parties passed resolutions in its favor. I was among those who wanted a canal on that line. We sent three commissions to investigate it, and each one reported in favor of making a larger canal than had hitherto been planned. It was a very fortunate thing that we did not build a canal on any of those plans. It would have been too small. It could not have accommodated the great ships of the present nor the greater ships of the future.

But now, through the financial failure of the French corporation, we have a chance to buy its property and to take that line ourselves. All that we want is the best route. It is a practical question. In reaching our conclusion we should not be controlled by sentiment nor by prejudice. Not every one is able to investigate this great problem for himself. It is one of those questions which we must refer to experts. If we have a great building to erect or a line of railroad to construct, we call in architects and engineers. We rely upon their technical knowledge. In this still more difficult and complicated canal venture we have pursued the same method. We created a commission of eminent engineers and business men. They studied the problem patiently and exhaustively for two years. They spent a million of money in their work, employing many men to make surveys, borings and soundings. This commission has unanimously reported in favor of the Panama route.

This is not all. When the Old Panama Canal Company failed, public-spirited men in France organized a new company to carry on the work. They raised some money. But before going ahead they wished to be absolutely sure of their ground from the engineering standpoint. So they called to their assistance a board of fifteen of the most eminent engineers and specialists in the world—men from all the leading countries, men who stood at the very top of their profession. This international board made its investigations, presented its report, and declared that the project was feasible and sound within the limits of reasonable cost. That verification of the enterprise has since been verified by our own commission, unanimously. It does not seem to me that we need any further evidence. It does not seem that any individual judgment, whether of layman, or Senator, or editor, can be set up against this most distinguished and authoritative expert judgment. I sympathize with all those who, laboring in other days for an isthmian canal, had but one star to guide them—Nicaragua. To pass it by now must to them seem like giving up an old friend. But we are not building a canal as a matter of sentiment.

We want the best route, no matter what its name. What is the best route? The one that will permit the passage of

vessels from ocean to ocean in the shortest possible time, at the smallest possible risk, and also on the most economical lines. These are the conditions which will bring success. Other things being equal, the shortest canal will be the best canal. As to length, the Panama line is 49 miles long, the Nicaragua 183. To make the longer canal preferable to the shorter one it must possess great and unmistakable advantages in physical conditions apart from the length. But precisely the contrary is true. Leaving out the very important question of length, the Panama line is superior to the other. It



SENATOR M. A. HANNA

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has fewer locks, fewer curves and curves of larger radius, better water supply, no dangerous navigation, absence of winds and storms, no volcanoes.

In building a canal cost is not the greatest consideration. We want the best canal—the canal which when finished will be the most practicable and safe for ships and their cargoes, most secure in immunity from injury or destruction by the elements. For the canal which is superior in these respects we could afford to pay a great deal more money than for one which is inferior. Fortunately, it is the best canal which will cost the least. According to the estimates of the engineers, the first cost of the short line will be \$5,000,000 less than that of the long one. Then the cost of maintenance of the short line would be \$1,300,000 a year less than the cost of

maintaining the other one. Capitalize this difference at government rates of interest and it will be seen that the Nicaragua line would cost \$70,000,000 more than the Panama. Nor does this represent the whole of the difference in cost. Along the Panama route so much work has been done that the engineers are able to figure with confidence what will be the expense of the remainder. Everything is open and known. On the Nicaragua line there is a wilderness to pierce. But little is known as to the difficulties which may be encountered, and the ultimate cost may vastly exceed the estimates. The engineers know they can complete the Panama work within the estimates; they hope to be able to do so at Nicaragua.

If the latter offered the best canal when finished I would not stop at the cost. But it does not. Its great length, its crookedness, its sharp curves in following the narrow, tortuous bed of the San Juan River, the high winds blowing all the time through that valley make it certain that the canal by this line would be a difficult one for ships to pass through. It is true that the distance from San Francisco to New York is a little less via Nicaragua than via Panama. This is the one advantage which any one has been able rationally to claim for the former route. But all the advantage there is in that is completely wiped out by the loss of time in getting through the long and crooked canal.

I caused inquiries to be made of eighty-three practical vessel men—owners, captains, mates, and other officers of both steam and sailing ships on the ocean, many of them men of practical experience in the Suez, Kiel and Manchester ship canals. The data as to the physical conditions surrounding the two proposed canals were fairly placed before these practical men. They replied unanimously, that at equal tolls they would use the Panama canal in preference to the Nicaragua. They unanimously replied they would not attempt to go through the long and crooked canal without tugs to assist them. The 450 miles' greater distance from New York to San Francisco was pointed out to them, and they were asked to take this and the other conditions into consideration and say which route they would prefer in making a voyage. Their answer is unanimously in favor of Panama.

One very serious factor must be taken into account, and that is the stability of the canal. Earthquakes may occur along both lines, though the earthquake risk is not a great one in either case. A canal is in the earth, like a ditch; it is not a high building. Earthquakes are more frequent and more intense at Nicaragua than at Panama, so far as that is concerned. But the volcano danger is actual, and must be reckoned with. There are plenty of volcanoes along the Nicaragua route; there is no volcano within 180 miles of the Panama line. There are volcanoes in Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, which will feed the Nicaragua Canal. A change of the level of those lakes due to volcanic disturbances might wreck the whole enterprise.

Taking everything into consideration from a practical standpoint, to my mind there is not a shadow of doubt as to which route we should choose.

## THE ARGUMENT FOR NICARAGUA AND THE VALLEY OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER

By SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA

**T**HE ISTHMIAN CANAL PROBLEM presents itself to my mind in the form of the following six propositions:

1. We have reached the point where investigation is complete, and our knowledge is as conclusive as we could hope to make it by another half-century of delay.

2. The question now to be decided is choice of one of two routes for a canal—at Panama or through the valley of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua.

3. The controlling factor in making this choice is the assurance of success in constructing a canal that will be permanently useful for commerce, and for the needs of the government and its policies, and for the benefit of the people of the United States.

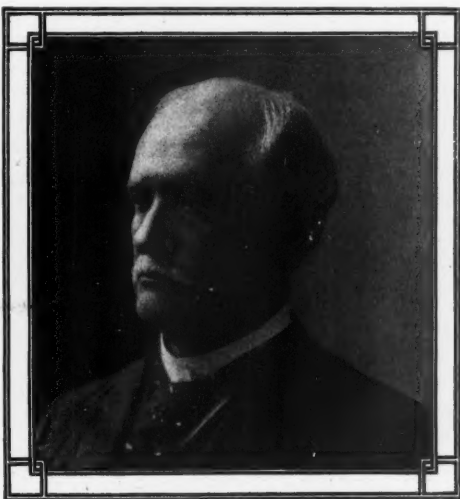
4. The cost of constructing such a canal cannot be reasonably compared with the real value of the results, and the choice should not be controlled or affected by the immediate cost of construction. A difference of \$6,000,000 in the actual or supposed cost of construction is not a real factor in the selection of a route that will give the people of the United States the most assurance of success in an isthmian waterway, the greatest usefulness to the people and the government in their domestic and foreign relations and their military and civil policies.

5. The assured certainty of success in the construction of a permanent canal is, of necessity, the basic or foundation fact upon which Congress must act. Considered simply as an engineering proposition there is not a shadow of a doubt as to the practicability of a ship canal via the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. It is certain, beyond a reasonable doubt, that its cost is as nearly within the limits of exact estimates as any great public work that was ever undertaken. As to this fact there is no difference of opinion among the great number of engineers who have surveyed that route, or the boards and commissions that have studied and reported upon it. It is upon this ascertained and settled basis of certainty that I rest my judgment. I have been compelled to accept the Nicaragua route as the true and safe route, and when I compare it with the many and dangerous uncertainties of the Panama route, my judgment will not permit me to cast aside this certainty of success for the possible saving of \$6,000,000 in the first cost. That would be imitation of the dog in the fable who dropped the bone from his mouth to seize its reflected image in the water he was crossing.

6. If the dam at Bohio, on the Panama route, were to fail for any cause, the only hope of a canal at that point would perish, never to be restored. All engineers admit this fact. A dam at Bohio is the only possible site for such a structure across the Chagres River. There are many sites for similar dams across the San Juan River. The failure at one site would only mean the loss of that dam, which would be replaced at a superior location. At Bohio the risks are ten to one; and the boldest gambler in futures would not risk \$80,000,000 when, if he were successful, his profits could not

exceed \$6,000,000. We are asked to stake altogether too much upon the dam at Bohio.

There are other uncertainties along the Panama route. The Culebra cut is a question of doubt, with its landslides and creeping clays, and its indurated clay that melts in water. There is doubt as to whether a dam at Alhajuela is necessary to control the floods in the Chagres, and to supply the canal with water impounded there in reserve for the dry season. Whether the Chagres will repeat the floods of 1879, and whether in such an event it can be shut out from the canal,



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN

is a matter of doubt. Whether any dam can stand such torrential floods and escape the fate of Johnstown and Austin are questions that only the Chagres River will settle in the course of time. A safe harbor at Colon, and the safe passage of ships through a submerged channel three and one-half miles long, when the wind rises and the tide is at ebb, are matters of doubt. The abandoned anchors in the bay of Colon, left there by vessels that could not wait long enough to get them aboard when northers drove heavy seas into the shallow bay, are mute witnesses to the reasons for such doubts.

All these doubts and many others that relate to the cost of maintenance and the time of transit of ships from our Atlantic

to our Pacific ports are resolved in the opinions of a great number of engineers against the Panama route. These doubts cannot be removed nor compensated for by any sum of money saved in the estimates for a canal. Especially is the sum of \$5,630,704 insignificant when compared with these uncertainties. The United States cannot afford to take such large risks for a supposititious gain of so small a sum.

The health of the Panama route cannot be classed with the matters of doubt. It is a fixed condition that is in constant warfare with human life. It depends upon natural conditions that are beyond remedy, and as a fatal impediment to a successful gateway for the world it is beyond doubt. It has been suggested that when the natural causes are removed Panama can be made as immune from yellow fever as Havana and Santiago de Cuba appear to be. But the causes are immovable. The tides at the coast of Cuba rise to the height of from twenty to thirty-six inches, and leave very small margins of sea-bottom when they ebb. But at Panama the tides rise eighteen to twenty-one feet, and when they go out they leave a naked and vast inclined plane of many square miles, covered with mud and ooze and sea-slime, in which shellfish and sea animals abound, to die and decay under a hot sun. The average width of this exposed area around the Bay and Gulf of Panama is not less than two miles, and the poisoned air infects all the coasts. The true history of the death-rate at Panama was never written. It has been suppressed. But we know that for centuries plague has existed there, claiming its victims by the thousands. Yellow fever is indigenous at Panama and always must be. Along the Nicaragua line no such conditions obtain. It is a salubrious and healthful country. Our own commission has reported most emphatically upon this point. The myriads of people of coming generations that will pass through a canal piercing the American isthmus will have the right to reproach us if we choose for them a route on which pestilence lurks by the wayside, instead of a route that nature has made free from such dangers.

Among the many and controlling advantages which the Nicaragua route possesses over the Panama route is the shorter coast line which the former gives us. Official figures prepared by the Navy Department show that if the Oregon on the occasion of her memorable voyage from San Francisco to Key West had been able to use the Panama Canal she would have been saved forty-nine days' time; but if she had been able to use the Nicaragua Canal she would have saved fifty-one days' time. The difference in cost of coal burned on the two routes would have been \$950 in favor of Nicaragua on that one voyage. Multiply this by the voyages of all the ships of the future, naval and commercial, and we get a faint idea of the superiority of the Nicaragua route over the Panama route. Add to this the tremendous fact that on account of the calms in the Gulf of Panama sailing ships cannot use that waterway at all, while Nicaragua is favorable to their quick and easy passage from ocean to ocean, and it seems to me there is left no room for doubt as to which route we should eventually select.



# MONT PELÉE'S SECRET

By ROBERT T. HILL

GEOLOGIST OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, AND SPECIAL  
COMMISSIONER OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY TO STUDY  
THE ERUPTION OF MONT PELÉE



Robert T. Hill

**W**HAT HAS to-morrow in reserve for us? A flow of lava, a rain of pumice-stone, jets of asphyxiating gas; what submerging cataclysm, or will there be simply an inundation of mud? There is a great secret, and when it is known many men will be unable to bear it."—Editorial from "La Colonie" of May 7, 1902; the last paper published in St. Pierre.

The editor of "La Colonie" wrote the foregoing portentous words two days before the great explosion, and they were probably the last copy hung upon the hook. They appeared in the columns of the last paper that was ever published in St. Pierre and were preserved through the energy of Father McGrail, the chaplain of the *Dixie*, who, by scouring the shops of Fort de France, secured a file of the paper for a week prior to the catastrophe, which constitutes one of the most precious results of the expedition.

For a week the editor had been filling his columns with words of hope and cheer while ominous ashes were darkening his sanctum window and the detonations within the bowels of Pelée were frenziedly the population. Through those preceding days of general fear these were the only words of despair in his paper, and must have been written as the stimulus of hope deserted him and as he, at last, saw the finger of fate through the sombre surroundings. The following day, there were thirty thousand who were unable to bear the great Secret which was made known to them only by its great power.

To-day, the great question still is, What was the secret force that so quickly destroyed the people of St. Pierre, consumed their houses by fire and then by reappearance so annihilated the city that in a few weeks the tropical vegetation, already springing up over its levelled ruins, will so hide them that the passing observer will not be able to locate its site? The destruction of St. Pierre was by forces never before recorded in the annals of volcanic disaster, and the scientific members of the *Dixie* expedition, who studied the phenomena, were confronted by conditions which they never anticipated and which will require months fully to explain.

Closely after the first news of the disaster reports were sent describing cataclysmic phenomena of many kinds as having accompanied the volcanic outbursts of Pelée and St. Vincent. It was announced that the entire upper half of Mont Pelée had been destroyed; that the coast had sunken to great depths; that the coast line had been changed; that the earth had quaked; that great fissures had rent the earth, opening new and terrible chasms; and that lightning of tremendous effect had accompanied the eruption, especially in St. Vincent, where it was alleged that over fifteen hundred people had been killed by it.

Yet the Isle of Martinique to-day shows no serious change, except immediately around the thin rim of the old crater of Pelée, where some of the small projecting peaks, like those of Morne la Croix, have tumbled in, lowering by this process the summit only some sixty metres (two hundred feet). Every hill, valley, scarp, precipice or other surface feature of the relief as laid down upon the map of 1823 is distinctly recognizable. The only changes are merely the superficial destruction of vegetation and the veneering of a small triangular area with a thin layer of ashes and mud, so that it is converted from a green carpet of cane and woodland to a barren, desert mountain landscape like that of Arizona. Nineteen-twentieths of the area of Martinique is as green and beautiful to-day as ever.

Yet something terrible had happened, as attested by the thirty thousand dead and the terror of the hundred and fifty thousand survivors. This Secret, which destroyed bright and cheerful St. Pierre, and changed it into that ghostly, horrid ruin, will haunt me until my dying day. What was it?

It was not a flow of lava that the morrow had in reserve. Pelée has not sent forth flowing streams of molten rock for many thousand years. It is true that in the foundations of Martinique as seen around Fort de France there are ancient masses of lava\* which may have once flown upon the surface, but these have been covered by thousands of feet of ashes (lapilli) and mud flows such as Pelée spits forth at long intervals of time.

Neither was it a rain of stone that overwhelmed the helpless people. There was for a few moments a fall of light pumice-stone, but these stones did not finish their hurtling flight or reach the earth until all the souls had joined their Maker. There is no record of this material in Martinique as having injured any person or thing. It was shot into the air with great velocity and did not reach the city until most of its inhabitants were dead. Furthermore, owing to its cellular structure, although heated when ejected, it probably cooled quickly in the air, while its specific gravity was so light it is

doubtful if pieces of the size which fell would have injured any one struck by them.

Over the ash-covered surface of the area of destruction from Précheur to Carbet, except in the immediate city where their presence is obscured by the debris of the houses, one finds everywhere a cement-like covering of ashes which is dotted here and there by small stones of pumice which fell upon the surface. In some cases near the Rivière Blanche there are great boulders of this material which were brought down by the surging waters in the days of strenuous overflow.

Neither was it an "inundation of mud" that destroyed St. Pierre. Rivers of mud there were, and he who looks over the vast plain of Consolation back of St. Pierre and the former plain of the River Blanche—but a month ago sapphire fields of cane—now sees only great slopes of mud.

Neither was there an earthquake of sufficient force to cause the death and desolation of St. Pierre. There were tremors, it is true, which snapped the ocean cables like fiddle-strings, but these were so slight that they were hardly felt upon the land, except where recorded upon the sensitive instruments in the observatory of the Lycée, and, as written by the dead observer, "being horizontal they were not felt by persons." Furthermore, there is no evidence throughout the island of a stone or stick having been shaken from its place by earthquakes.

The submerging cataclysm with its Secret, which thirty thousand people were unable to bear, is one of the like of which has never before been recorded in the annals of disasters resulting from nature's stupendous forces. I cannot here submit detail evidence as recorded in my notebooks with dates and names of witnesses, but shall endeavor to interpret what happened as I concluded from all testimony, including narratives of human survivors and eye-witnesses of the catastrophe, the silent evidence of the ruin and wreckage, and my personal observation of the several subsequent great eruptions.

Two great and distinct kinds of phenomena probably took place on that eventful morning of May 8, one within and the other without the crater. As a whole, they may be compared to those which accompany the firing of a projectile from a great gun involving (1) the explosion of one kind of gas, creating a propelling force which may be compared to a gun within the crater, and (2) the travelling through the air of a deadly projectile (a cloud of hot steam, gas and smoke) which may or may not itself have been explosive.

1. Within the crater there was a terrific explosion, presumably from the meeting of water and the molten rock matter.

2. This explosion projected out of the mouth of the crater a dense cloud of ash (lapilli), steam and heavy gases.

3. Following the cloud was the vertical flash from the crater itself, presumably the flame of combustible hydrogen within the crater.

4. Succeeding the flame was the noise of the detonation, which, although originating instantaneously with the flame and puff, owing to the slowness with which sound travels, was not evident to outsiders until the preceding phenomena had been observed.

The great gun having fired its projectile, let us consider what subsequently happened to the latter:

1. The force of elevation being soon overcome, the cloud mushroomed, first making a dense, round, boiling head, which has been variously compared to a cauliflower, a human brain with its convolutions, and the spreading foliage of a palm tree.

2. The material in the clouds was heavier than the atmosphere—at least in the case of the cloud erupted from the lower vent—and hence, after losing the vertical direction of projection, it sank downward toward the surface of the earth through gravity and was propelled southwestward by the strong trade-winds.

3. After reaching the external air, and a short distance from the crater, lightning-like flame and explosions took place in the cloud.

4. This generated still greater heat in the already hot cloud and fired the buildings in its path.

5. The ignition was of an explosive nature which caused a terrific air movement that travelled rapidly in all directions from the seat of explosion.

6. After the propulsion of the air outward by the explosion there followed a return movement of the air from the inrush to fill the vacuum which had been created.

7. The ignition in the cloud may have been the combination of some heavy gas with atmospheric oxygen, and this exhausted the latter from the atmosphere so that there was nothing to breathe.

8. The cloud of ash, steam and gas was hot when it left the volcano—sufficiently so to injure people who were not necessarily within the radius of the explosion.

On that morning there were three of these double-natured eruptions in rapid succession. The first, which came from the summit of the mountain, was a vast column of black ashes mingled with steam, which ascended and spread out like a great palm tree—as stated by Father Altaroche, who witnessed it from a commanding view at the village of Mont Vert, five miles due south of Pelée peak. A few moments later another great puff of similar material arose from the lower crater of the western slope of Mont Pelée, nearly fifteen hundred feet below the summit. These great smoke clouds were at first propelled upward into the outer air by the initial explosion within the mountain, the light of which was not seen nor the noise heard until the puffs had come out of the vents. Then followed great jets of flame from the mouth of the crater like the flash of a great gun. Some

seconds after this the stupendous booming of the detonations reached the ears of those who had observed the cloud of smoke and seen the flash of light. Had this been all, the people of St. Pierre would have been alive to-day but, besides the explosion within the mountain, the evidence strongly points to another one in the air, and the nature of this is the Secret of the submerging cataclysm which the people of St. Pierre were unable to bear.

Contrary to those laws of nature which would have been followed had the clouds been composed only of hot steam and lapilli, the great cloud from the lower crater, instead of rising, descended and closely hugged the contour of the land as it rolled away in a path of west direction toward the sea and over the fated city. What was the Secret of that descending heated cloud which caused it to fall instead of rise?

Let us digress for a moment to look again at the summit cloud. Some seconds after it had left the crater, and long after the upward shoot of flames within the crater had died, great jagged streaks of fire were observed shooting back and forth, upward and downward, here and there through all parts of the black cloud. Lightning-like in their effect, yet unlightning-like in color and action, and unaccompanied by thunder. There was apparently something born in that cloud after meeting the outer air which, notwithstanding its superheated condition within the crater, did not ignite until it left it. That something was the Secret of Pelée.

These lower clouds of lapilli were not only hot and heavy, but after they had reached the outer air and become well mixed with it another terrible phenomenon occurred. This floated on southwest in the direction of the trade-winds toward the fated city, and, when almost upon it, several seconds after having emerged from the vent, it ignited and exploded, and at that moment, within the radius of its action, all nature cried:

"Death has struck, and nature, quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its judgment answer making."

While we who were spared from participation in such a catastrophe might well say, "Deliver me, O Lord, from that eternal wrath on that awful day when the heavens and earth shall be shaken and thou shalt come to judge the world by fire."

There was no thunderous noise nor detonation, but with terrific force sheets of flame ignited within this cloud and, as seen by Father Altaroche, travelled from north to south over the city with lightning quickness, setting fire to it. Merely a blinding flash of fire within the cloud, and in a moment the whole of the great fireproof city built of stone, with roofs of iron and tile, was on fire.

That something in that awful cloud, which had fallen instead of risen and had exploded over the northern end of the city—the terrible Secret—was probably an invisible gas fired from the crater that united with another in the air.

All the phenomena of the catastrophe tell us that the latter of these gases could only have been the oxygen of the air. The nature of the other gas (if there was one) which was belched from the crater and contained within the dark cloud of lapilli that rolled down from Le Tang Sec was a heavy gas the composition of which is still unknown. It was a gas which would not ignite within the oxygenless crater even under the intense heat there present, but which exploded with fatal force upon mixing with the oxygen of the cool air a mile from the crater.

The first explosion within the crater was more than a steam puff. The upward-shooting flame which followed it was most probably hydrogen gas, accompanied by the sodium colors derived from sea waters.

The Secret of Pelée, according to our present working hypothesis, now resolves itself into a question of the determination of the gases. Of these there were probably at least two kinds, if not more. The great volume of water, the meeting of which with the hot magma of rock is the fundamental cause of volcanic explosions within the crater, was probably resolved into oxygen and hydrogen, and the latter burned after the projectile cloud had shot forth.

But what of the gas in the projectile cloud which did not burn within the fiery crater, but shot forth into the air, combined with the oxygen of the air? It is well known that some volcanoes emit carbon monoxide, which has an affinity for free oxygen of the air, but this is a lighter gas than air and would not have floated downward. Again, there is the wholly explosive marsh gas (CH<sub>4</sub>), and this Professor Landes of the St. Pierre College reported he had detected in the mud of the Rivière Blanche several days before the great Secret enveloped him; but this gas is also lighter than air.

Then there are chlorine and sodium compounds, and combinations of gases of many kinds which theoretically may have been the cause for the aerial explosion. But why theorize while final data are wanting?

At present we have in view but one other explosive gas which might have caused this damage, sulphurated hydrogen (H<sub>2</sub>S). This gas has a specific gravity of 17, which is much heavier than that of air (14.5), and is the only one of the gases mentioned which could have floated downward upon the city. There is much evidence to this effect.

Should Science, with data in hand, write an epitaph over St. Pierre, it would be a cryptogram as follows:

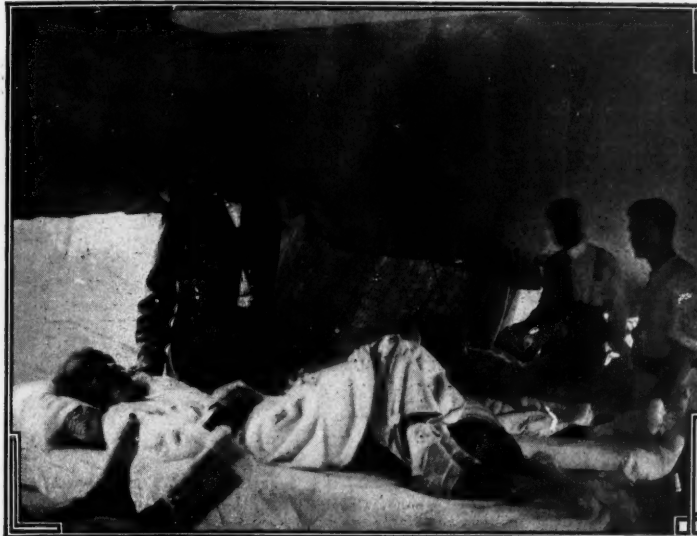
H<sub>2</sub>S + O

But there are alternative hypotheses concerning the nature of the Secret, and one of these is that the destruction came from a blast of intensely hot steam and cinders. The data thus far collected tend strongly to uphold the gas explosion theory. Yet the evidence must all be in before the final verdict can be given.

\* Hornblende and Hyperthene andesite, as determined by Mr. J. S. Diller from the writer's recent collections.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BORTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



Burned Victims in the Hospital Tents at Georgetown



Watching the Departure of the "Dixie"



Mont Pelée in Eruption

Burning dead Bodies in St. Pierre  
Photograph by J. Martin Miller

View from the Stern of the "Dixie"



French Marine Guard at Fort de France



Typical Women of St. Lucia

# CLOSING SCENES OF THE WEST INDIAN CATASTROPHE



# TRANS-MISSOURI AND TRANS-VAAL

By EMERSON HOUGH, Author of "The Story of the Cowboy"

ON THE rocky summit of Matoppo Hill, in far-off South Africa, is builded the tomb of a man whose dream was of a map already red, the shibboleth of whose ambition was "From the Cape to Cairo." He was careless of methods, reckless of consequences, bent only upon results.

The results were visible in the great city of London this past week or so. The people of the street engaged in saturnalia somewhat similar to those witnessed on "Mafeking Day." There was less enthusiasm, perhaps even a shade less drunkenness than marked the day of one of the victories which led up to what is now called the triumph of England's arms in Africa. Down in far-off Africa a scattered, tattered, sun-browned, worn and weary little remnant of what can scarce be called an army is disbanding, going back to farms made desolate, to firesides which, when re-established, will show many faces missing. The soldiers of both sides are fraternizing amiably, so say the self-satisfied English reports of the peace proceedings. Poor fellows, they knew it was fate on one side and folly on the other; so why not fraternize?

As to the Boer war itself, there comes to any Western man the thought that these Boers in many ways resemble the free men of Western America in the days when we had a West. They are outdoor men, riding men, hunters, lovers of the clean air. Above all, they love their personal and individual liberty, just as did our own rude early pioneers. Our Westerners moved out across the Missouri. The Boers moved out across the Vaal. They moved again and again, indeed, not as individuals, but as a people, trying to get away from the smoke of other people's fires, the sound of other men's wheels. They were dwellers next to the earth, just as were our own pioneers; hardy, yet peace-loving, masterful, but not concerning themselves greatly as to other people's business.

## THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES

Reviewing, in the light of the recent past, something of the conduct of this war in so far as it was connected with this country, there are many ways in which one may find parallels between the Trans-Vaal and the Trans-Missouri, many ways of which Cecil Rhodes never dreamed when he had his first easy vision of a map all red and of a transcontinental railway running from south to north. He did not perceive, perhaps, that the way between these two continental extremes ran to the southward, through some centuries of time, and was to go by way of that Trans-Missouri which might have been so much better governed, but never was. In other words, no one, not even the so-called Colossus—who was no more a Colossus than many another good business man born without a conscience under this, that or the other flag—foresaw that the Trans-Missouri would be called upon to furnish certain munitions of war for the subjugation of the Trans-Vaal. Yet observers tell us that without the Western mule and the Western horse, shipped by thousands into the African burial-ground, the Boers would have made life still more a burden to their conquerors, and indeed might have done to England what the Thirteen Colonies did to her at a certain time of painful memory—a time which, in these days of cordial intents and strict neutralities, we ought to call to mind only with emotions of a national regret and repentance!

There have been investigations of these relations between the Trans-Missouri and the Trans-Vaal. The State Department has decided that there has not been any such violation of neutrality. For the sake of unity, the Department of Justice, through the Attorney-General of the United States, also decides that there has been no such violation. The President on June 5 transmitted to the House of Representatives the report of Colonel Crowder, special commissioner to investigate the charges of Governor Heard of Louisiana that the neutrality laws were being violated at Port Chalmette. The Crowder report furnishes facts upon which our government decides that arms were not being shipped from Port Chalmette and that there was no recruiting done by English officers. In short, the matter was settled upon other than sentimental grounds. Had the Boer republic had any ships upon the high seas, and had these ships seized these munitions of war in transit, we could not have objected because we got our money in advance and did not sell subject to delivery in South Africa. The United States has never recognized the Boers as belligerents.

## ESTABLISHING HORSE MARKETS A MATTER OF BUSINESS ONLY

The United States, therefore, did not and will not forbid English officers establishing horse markets in this country. To the contrary, we shall ever encourage these English officers in buying our Western horses and mules so long as their cash holds out, and so long as they are willing to accept delivery at Kansas City and not India or South Africa. This, then, is the way from Cairo to Cape, the way in which the Trans-Missouri is interested in the Trans-Vaal. This is the story so far as the daily newspapers have thus far been concerned. But there are certain interesting little sidelights with which the general public may not be quite so familiar and which have heretofore escaped even the lynx-eyed daily journals of America. The war in South Africa is over, but there is a little story of this war which seems to have escaped Colonel

Crowder, and the Department of Justice, and the President, and the House of Representatives. This is the story of how the English officers and gentlemen really performed their duties here in the United States.

It is commonly supposed that the American farmer, especially the Western farmer or rancher, was vastly benefited by the establishment of these English horse markets in the West. Such was not the case. It is supposed, also, that there is to be only one investigation, the one conducted by the United States. Neither is this the case.

The prices of horses have gone up in the Trans-Vaal, not in the Trans-Missouri. As to the investigation, let us wait. The real investigation, the circus with three rings, will appertain to England, not to America. This investigation will traverse the record of more than one English officer and gentleman, will go as high as Parliament itself, and will implicate more than one member of that English nobility which has furnished the leaders in this dirty and disastrous little war.

As to the horse itself, and the way from Cairo to Cape, there is no doubt. The Western horse was born in North Africa some centuries ago, at the upper end of Cecil Rhodes' railway. The Moors took him into Spain, and the Spaniards took him into Mexico, and the Mexicans, largely via Comanche route, took him into the West. He spread up the California coast while the Mexicans held the Pacific Slope, crossed over the Kootenai passes far to the north, and presently met his fellows which had come up from Mexico on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. The Indians called him the "elk-dog," but found him presently very useful; as have the Mexicans, the Spaniards and the Moors of earlier days, as well as the English of later times. This North African horse found on our Western plains the same hot, dry air, the same coarse vegetation, the same waterless wastes, the same long journeys which he had met with earlier in his career. He continued to be a valuable and well-constructed running machine, sound of wind, hard of stomach, enduring of hardship, an able performer, albeit oftentimes an unwilling one; all of which, so thought the veterinaries of the English army, fitted him especially for life upon the veldt, and the prosecution of a war more unholy and savage than this same horse has ever found himself engaged in before, whether in Barbary, Spain, Mexico or the West; even though this covers his use in many a war party of the barbarous Indian tribes and on many a mission of rapine or revenge.

As a matter of fact, the English veterinaries were not altogether correct in their surmises. We take pride in our Western cow horses, even more to-day, when they are somewhat civilized through steady grading up with good blood; but as a matter of fact the Western bronco is one of the poorest horses England could have picked for shipping to South Africa. He knows nothing of oats, looks not with joy upon hay in the bale, and frequently winds up by lying down to die on shipboard or on the veldt. He declined the task of carrying on this war. He believed that the horses and men of a free country ought to be left free upon the plains which bore them.

In yet another regard the veterinaries of England have had an opportunity for learning wisdom, so that perhaps to-day they are able to give some reasons to the English Government in answer to the criticisms passed upon the horse supply coming from America. The fatal disease of glanders is not common in the West, but many a Western horse has incipient glanders, although the disease does not break out so long as the animal remains in the clean, dry air of the high plains. Whether these facts were or were not always known to the sellers or the buyers of Western horses, it is none the less the case that a great many horses bought for South Africa developed glanders or kindred diseases before or after shipment. Of the first shipments of Western horses the actual truth is that about twenty per cent died of such diseases. After that the English officers employed American veterinaries, and the loss was cut down to about five per cent. These statements are very apt to be denied, for reasons which are obvious. It goes without saying that such a statement is not applicable to all Western horses; yet to one who is able to see through a ladder it may be seen to be more apt to apply to Western horses carelessly selected by the buyer or carefully selected by the seller.

## REVELATIONS AWAITING THE COMING INVESTIGATIONS

The truth is that, instead of getting the best horses obtainable, England got a good share of about the worst horses obtainable. All of this will constitute an interesting part of the three-ring circus which will be opened in England immediately subsequent to the Boer war. Indeed, the investigation—that is to say, the preliminaries for it—have begun already. At this writing there are still in the United States several English officers of high rank who have been visiting the English horse camps in the West with the purpose of learning why such prices were paid and why such poor horses were received. If these investigators have been enterprising and open-eyed, they will have learned that while the English Government has been paying \$80 to \$100 per horse, the seller has usually been getting about \$25. Indeed, the man who actually raised the horse on some Western ranch may

have been lucky if he received \$10 for him. The horse rancher is not complaining; for but recently, when all this talk of bicycles and electricity was forward, the Western horse was an object of little value, some ranchers offering to sell their entire herds of good-graded stock at prices running from three to six dollars a head. The biggest horse traders in the West, some of them concerns backed by English capital, went broke in horse business.

Of late we have changed all this. For the past two or three years, during this Boer war, there has been money made in horses in the West—money enough to give Mr. Kipling a topic for a very striking poem if he cared to write it. In no such long a time there has been \$45,000,000 in good British gold expended in the American West in the operations of the English horse camps. One English officer at Kansas City had sixty-five men under him buying and caring for horses. At Lathrop, Mo., an adjunct of the Kansas City market, as is well known, the British Government owns a tract of 1,800 acres, with 8,000 acres additional under lease, all this nominally the property of a local firm. One firm of Western dealers admits an apparent profit of \$762,000 in this English horse trading. During the last year 47,939 horses are stated to have been shipped from the West to South Africa. This year, it is alleged, 72,000 have been shipped, and nearly 6,000 more were ready for shipment a month ago. Of course, the camp at Port Chalmette, in Louisiana, was merely a shipping point. Kansas City has been the market centre of the most extensive buying.

## WHO PROFITED FROM THESE ENORMOUS TRANSACTIONS?

It is not difficult to believe that, in transactions running into such figures, some one must have made a great deal of money. The common impression is that it has been the Western farmer or horse raiser. The public is entitled to its guess. A press despatch from the big Missouri market stated a few weeks ago that the English officers there "feared that an investigation would be ordered," and that they would be compelled to close out the business which they had been carrying on. The public is entitled to a guess, indeed something better than a guess, at the reason for this fear. Our army contractors during the Civil War were never accused of backwardness in rising to the opportunities of the hour. History repeats itself. A well-known Western stock man said: "Talk about army contracts! These English officers could give ward politicians cards and spades in the game. We are babes and sucklings beside them in certain lines of activity." Last week the Western mule camps were closed out; the market was taken to Toronto. The circus is beginning which will finally appear in England.

The unwritten story of the Trans-Missouri and the Trans-Vaal is a curious one. For instance, Campbell-Bannerman wanted to know why horses cost so much in Hungary, and it was openly charged that contractors in Hungary were making fifty dollars a head on horses supplied to the English Government. It was only recently that this same question, or a similar one, was asked in England regarding the American horse markets; indeed, it was only very recently that the American investigation was begun. The American public has been careless in regard to the details of this horse trade, and for the most part comfortably fixed in the belief that it was a good thing for this country. It may be remembered that some time ago the American press made something of a stir over the statement of Colonel Arthur Lee, attaché of the British embassy, to the effect that he had been offered the services of the best United States expert in buying cavalry mounts. There is no record that the English Government took up the matter with Colonel Lee, that it expressed any great eagerness to visit the embassy, or that it instructed its representatives to be too curious as to prices, markets, etc., in the American horse trading. Here is where a part of the attractions of the coming three-ring circus will be found—a circus of whose advent we have already had some advance notice. Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, knew that the remounts sent to Africa were not what they should be. He protested, but his protests, as against the Minister of War, came out precisely as would the protest of our commanding general as against the wish of our Secretary of War. There were extremely good reasons for keeping Lord Wolseley quiet.

It is not always meet to be too curious as to causes, and we may perhaps content ourselves with actual and accepted phenomena. The truth is that the officers and agents of the English Government did not try to buy horses in the open market, or in the biggest or best horse market of America. Chicago is the horse market of the West, as Kansas City herself would be first to admit. Yet the smaller market was chosen and retained. The horse dealers of Toronto, in Canada, were overlooked, although they could have made a good showing as against Kansas City, and might perhaps have produced stock which would have shown less loss in transit than was experienced by the grass-fed Western stock. Why were these things thus? Poetry concerns itself sometimes with material things. Mr. Kipling may have the assurance of the writer, founded upon no mere guesswork, that there exists in all this a most excellent subject for a poem.



## THE END OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA



Peace between the British and the Boers was proclaimed in London from the Mansion House steps on the afternoon of June 1. A great crowd immediately collected and cheered, while the Lady Mayoress in person assisted in raising a banner on which the welcome news was inscribed "Peace is Proclaimed"

## A LITTLE JOKE ON SCOTLAND YARD BY GEORGE LYNCH

**A**FTER FIGHTING with the Boers against his own country, Colonel Arthur Lynch returned to London recently to take his seat in the House of Commons, to which he had been elected last November, as a representative of Galway, Ireland. He was at once arrested for high treason upon his arrival in England. A better moment could not have been selected for his strategic coup. This audacious step, coming, as it does, upon the declaration of peace between Briton and Boer, and the ever troublesome position Ireland maintains, creates a question of utmost gravity.



Colonel Arthur Lynch

Besides looking alike we have both been correspondents for COLLIER'S WEEKLY and other papers."

Major Jameson had invited me to dine with him at the House of Commons on the following evening, and it struck me what a joke it would be to come to the House of Commons as Arthur, instead of George, Lynch. I could not have suggested the idea to any two people who more heartily agreed with me than the men I was with. We discussed and planned out the details of what worked out as the completest success in the way of a practical joke. We arrived in London the following morning, and during the day Barrington was engaged on a railway bill before a committee of the House of

Lords. In the meantime he mentioned to fifteen or twenty men in the strictest confidence that he had travelled over from Ireland the previous night with Colonel Arthur Lynch, who had come to Ireland from France in a sailing ship and was going to attempt to take his seat in the House of Commons on that evening. Major Jameson made himself equally busy in spreading mysterious rumors to the same effect throughout the House of Commons.

In the afternoon I sent a few telegrams to the House, one to the leader of the Orange section of the Irish party and one "to the Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Commons." Lynch will be in the House to-night." At seven o'clock I went down to the House, filled up one of the forms which one sends in to a member and gave it to the stout policeman, who had grown about half a foot stouter since the last time I had seen him, and sent it in to Major Jameson signed "Lynch."

Three or four Irish members came up to Jameson and said that some of the Ministers seemed considerably excited because the report had gone all over the House that Lynch was within its precincts with a view to attempting to take his seat.

We then went up to the lobby, and Jameson found room for me in the distinguished strangers' gallery. Visitors have to sign their names in a book before entering here. I signed "Lynch, M.P.?"—then went in.

There is always a full house for such contests of intellectual fence. After listening to the debate for about half an hour I went out, and the first man I met outside was my friend, Sir Charles Dilke. As I walked up and down with Sir Charles I could see detectives hovering around closer and scrutinizing me carefully. By this time Jameson came along. I told him that I was ready to go, and we went down through the House into Palace Yard. He has a keen eye for a good horse, and picked out an excellent one from the cab rank. Four mysterious figures were following us. He said, "They will probably arrest you as soon as you

get outside Palace Yard, but see if you cannot lead them a dance first." The detectives pursued us in cabs.

We went up Regent Street, and then down to the Club in Whitehall. I went in there, and just had time to get out of the cab before the other two cabs arrived.

I had an engagement that evening to attend a supper party in a box at the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball. When I came out, there were the mysterious four waiting at the door. They clearly could not make up

their minds as to whether they should arrest me or not. I jumped into the cab quickly and started off.

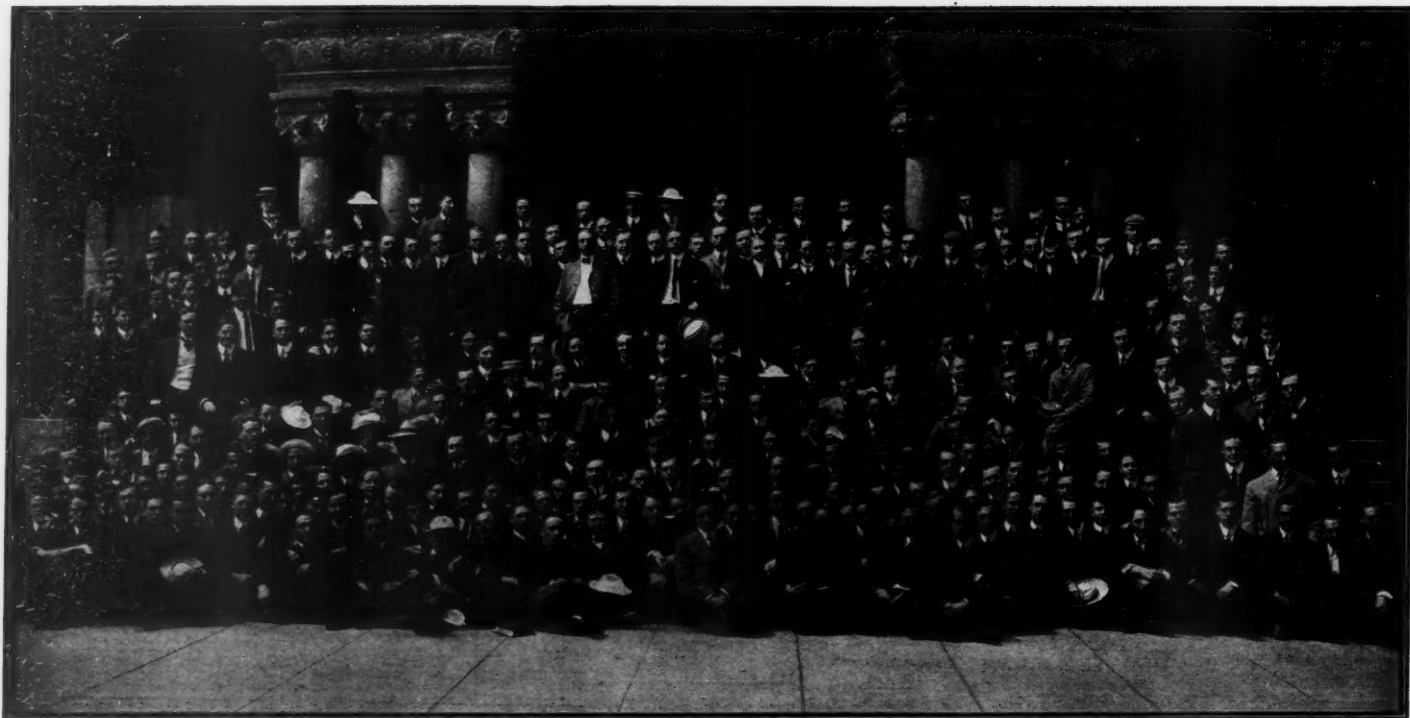
I reached Covent Garden with a good lead; the vestibule of the great theatre was crowded with a motley lot of figures, masks and dominoes and fancy costumes of fantastic design. I mingled with the crowd, and inside got the loan of a mask. I was then enabled to look after my pursuers in safety. I found that one of them had followed into the ballroom and was lurking around by the wall inside one of the entrances. Having located him, I got two or three people that I knew, who were perfectly concealed by their masks, to go up to him and ask if he wasn't "looking for Colonel Lynch, M.P., who is here at the ball to-night." This jollying was too much for the patience of Scotland Yard. When he was asked this question for the third time he simply turned and left the room.

The next afternoon somebody from Scotland Yard called on me. He said he was very anxious to meet Mr. George Lynch. He said he was an Irishman himself and would like to meet the man who had led them all in Scotland Yard such a dance the afternoon and evening before.

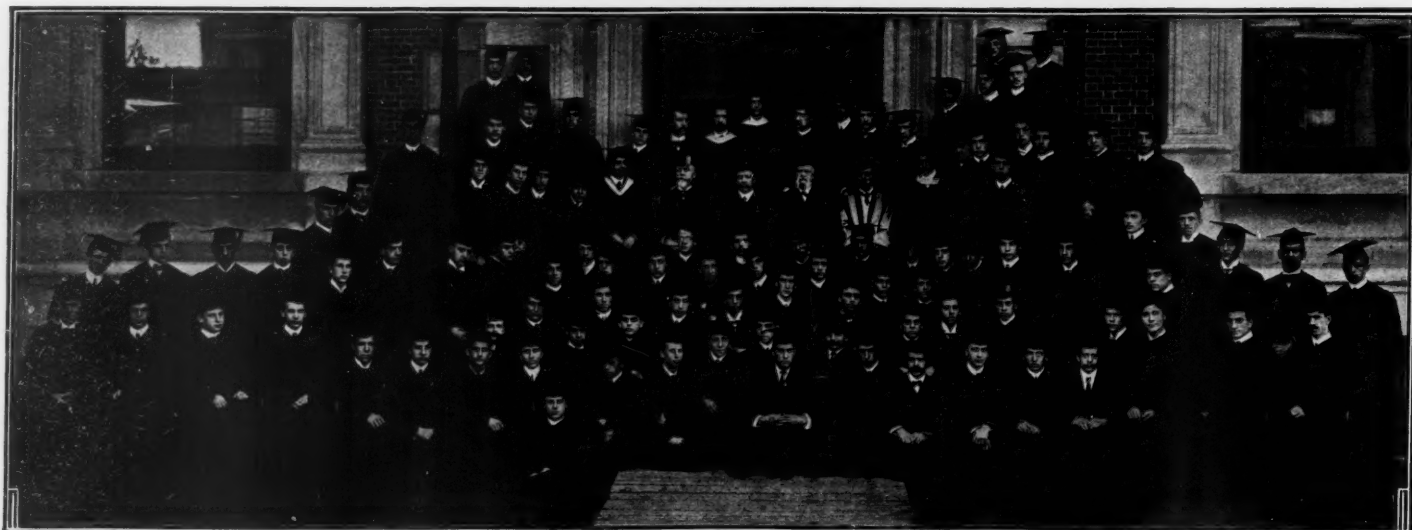


George Lynch

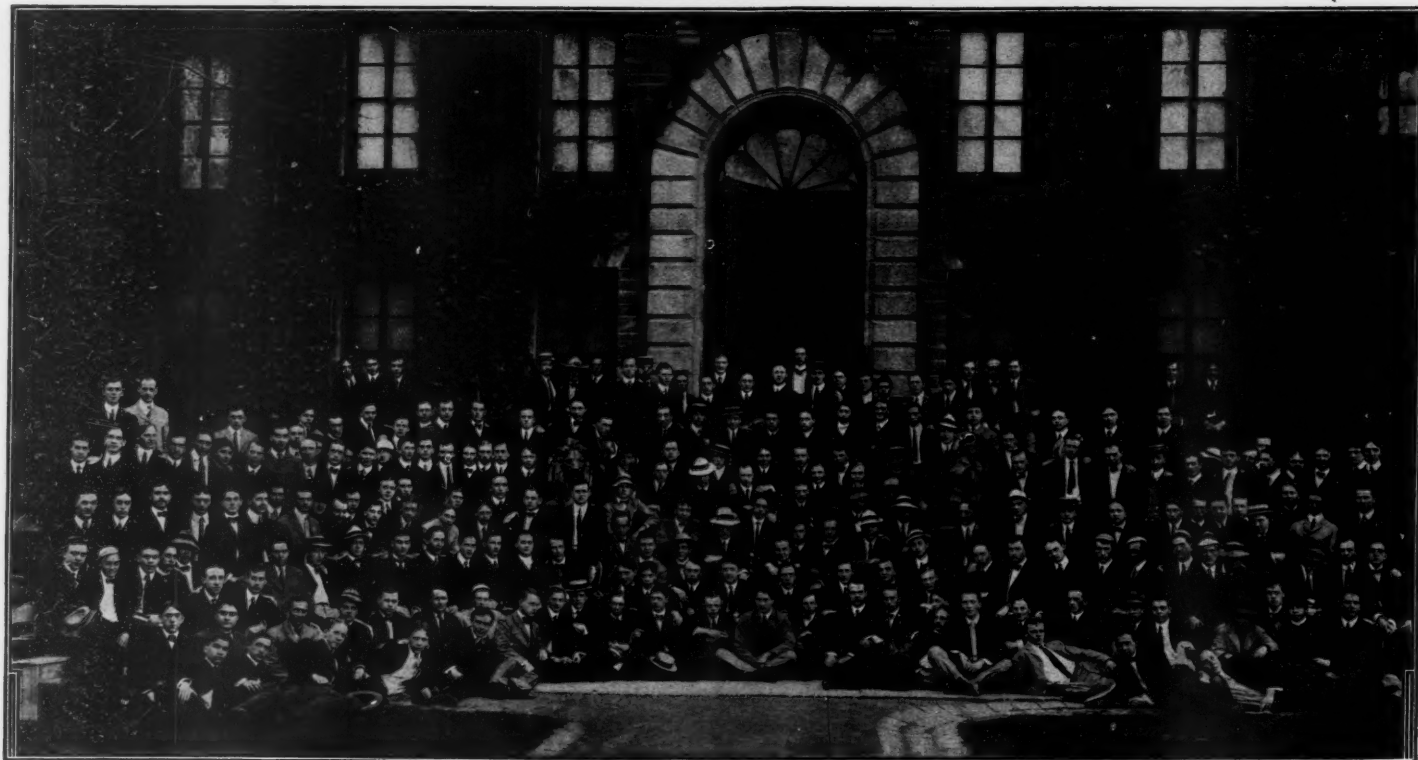
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YALE, 1902



COLUMBIA, 1902



PRINCETON, 1902.

## THE GRADUATING CLASSES OF YALE, COLUMBIA AND PRINCETON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS





# LADY TOTO'S BETROTHING

By THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMANN HEYER

LADY TOTO BRINSLEY and her daughter sat at either end of the fire-guard on the upholstered red leather seat. In clothes and shoes they were much in tune, but their bearing suggested feminine amenities.

It was half-past ten on a September morning, and the fire burned brightly in the drawing-room at Brockmere. Lady Toto felt chilly after breakfast at all times of the year; her daughter had surreptitiously opened the window, yet the atmosphere of the room continued oppressive.

Lady Toto tapped her toe, clad in scarlet kid, upon the hearthrug.

"I hope, at least, Moyra, you won't insult the poor boy," "My dear Mums, how you do fly off at a tangent. Why should I insult him? I only said—"

"You only said," interrupted Lady Toto, "that you thought your engagement nonsense and that you had no intention of marrying any one."

"Well, perhaps Lord Kinbrace will consider that sound sense; perhaps he thinks just the same thing. I should if I were he."

Moyra slipped from her perch, and, with rather flushed cheeks, walked to the writing-table. She picked up a letter which was lying on it.

"Read that again," said Lady Toto, watching her.

The letter was from Lord Kinbrace. He announced his arrival from India the previous Friday—his intention of alighting at Brockmere private station at 3.30 this afternoon—he sent his love, and might a carriage meet him?

"It is obvious that he wishes to come—that he is dying to see you," insisted Lady Toto.

"Oh, that's quite possible; really, the absurdity of our last encounter—" Moyra went off into a peal of laughter.

"Absurdity! What absurdity?" retorted her mother. "Really, girls of the present day have no sentiment. It was the prettiest scene in the world; the apple-blossoms falling on your hair—which, by the way, Moyra, is getting painfully dark—the gentle, courtly way he held your hand while we betrothed you—he looked much more like a young Cavalier than an Etonian."

"A young what?"

"A young Cavalier—a Troubadour if you like," Lady Toto floundered a little among her smiles. "Dear boy, if I hadn't been nearly old enough to be his mother I should have been in love with him myself."

"I believe," began Moyra pensively, "that when one gets on in life—" She looked at the excited countenance of her youthful mother and checked her observation; Lady Toto was shading her complexion with a tiger-lily from the heat of the fire, her short coat and shorter petticoats were cut to perfection, the sunlight glinted on her elaborate curls. Certainly, neither physically nor mentally could she be said to be getting on in life; the phrase, in relation to her, was preposterous.

Moyra, sick to death of the argument, went over to the window. The bright Italian garden—the sunny park beyond—the wide, still lake in the valley between the trees—she wanted to go out to all these things. Nature at least would understand that an outrage had been done to her imagination—that she was too much a child of hers to be coerced to a callous conventionality of action without strong protest.

But her mother's voice still reached her in her meditations.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Behave with perfect propriety, Mums, what else?"

"Not take your engagement for granted? Allow him to think himself free?" Lady Toto protested.

"Most certainly he is free—he was a little boy three years ago; now—"

"Now he is a young man who has succeeded to his property," declared Lady Toto; "one of our biggest Highland lairds. You surely would not run the risk—"

"Any risk," broke in Moyra defiantly. "He's got to feel what he's supposed to feel—or else—or else he may go where he will. Now, Mums, leave me to manage this; don't interfere. Let it be 'Lord Kinbrace,' not 'dearest Geordie,' for goodness' sake. Don't recall apple blossoms and Eton collars with significant smiles; don't talk of marriage as if it were the only blissful condition of existence, and don't flick imaginary bread-crumbs pensively off his coat-collar as you do to all the young men. Give me a chance." With which parting flippancy Moyra swung out through the French window on to the terrace, leaving her mother in a state of incoherent exasperation to face the chef.

"*Merlan frit—Coq-de-bruyère*—that'll do— What a girl she is!—Non, Philippe, pas de soupe grasse—elle est affreuse, absolument affreuse."

A little later Lord Kinbrace and a friend, waiting the departure of the train, paced the platform at Paddington.

"Are you looking forward to your visit, Geordie?"

"Upon my soul, I don't know. I've hardly found my feet in this country yet. Three years' absence is a long time. Then the remembrance of that tomfoolery last time I was at Brockmere sticks; I believe I'm expected to remember it, that's the worst."

"What does Lady Toto say?"

"Read her letter." "Ah," remarked the other, handing it back, "Lady John Brinsley is a woman of the world."

"But I like her. That's the best of it, and Lord John is such a good fellow. They were awfully kind to me when I was a boy. I can't think why, for I was a regular oaf. If only that stupid thing hadn't happened in the garden—it was merely a game, but Lady Toto took it seriously—it seemed to impress her so much. Every letter she has written has had something like this in it: 'Your little sweetheart Moyra has gone to study music at Dresden this winter,' or—'Your little sweetheart Moyra looked so pretty at the Drawing-Room yesterday.'"

"A mere way of speaking, I expect. Women can never call a spade a spade; they are so exuberant."

"Oh, but she means it to be a spade, whatever she calls it," laughed Lord Kinbrace. "I've a sort of presentiment that way—truth is, the last thing I want to do is to get married."

"Why?"

"Take your seats," said the guard, slamming the doors.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Drawn by Hoyer from the portrait by Ernest Haackel

Lord Kinbrace pushed his head out of the window as the whistle sounded.

"I'll tell you why when I come up on Saturday."

"Whatever you do," shouted his friend, "be strong-minded."

But Lord Kinbrace did not hear—the train steamed past the end of the platform. He settled himself in the corner of the carriage, put his hat on the rack, took up the evening paper and floated into seas of perplexity. He felt curiously uneasy regarding the near future. To begin with, he had not a ghost of an idea what Moyra Brinsley might be like. The last time he had seen her she was a gawky schoolgirl with roguish eyes—quite taking enough to his schoolboy inexperience. "Stunning!" he called her when she had run him a race down the avenue and beat him, after the betrothal. But since then he hadn't even seen her photograph, or heard anybody talk about her. Only these constant letters from Lady Toto, like a tug at a chain when he thought himself free. And he wanted so much to be free; not for any particularly worthy purpose, but that he might go on idealizing Mrs. Dupré—the wife of the senior major in the Thirty-seventh Dragoons.

He gave an impatient jerk to his cap, pulling it more over his eyes. He was aware of conflicting emotions about Mrs. Dupré. She was rather an important person to be able to think about in a cloisish relation to himself—rather a satisfaction that she was in love with him when so many older men were in love with her—yet it was curious that he didn't miss her more. The September stubble and partridges, the early meefs, his new motor-car were all such eloquent consolations for the absence of Mrs. Dupré in India—to eloquent, perhaps; the fact was he didn't miss her at all.

"I suppose all we men are like that," he mused, his eye

on the varying soft-colored landscape as the train sped on: "things, things, things, and people last of all." He felt, drawing this conclusion, quite a philosopher.

Yet on arrival he became again the nervous boy. The immediate recognition of the footman, who seemed to have kept his place a long time, the proprietary air with which the man seized his bag and rugs—the close-shut brougham—an anomaly on such a day as this—all began to accentuate his sensation of captivity. He wanted to suggest walking, but the coachman's eye was upon him like a jailer's. After all, it was a short drive. Through the great iron gates with the stone spread-eagles on either pillar, down the broad sweep of the elm avenue to the familiar oak hall-door, studded with rusty iron nails. The groom of the chambers led him along the parquet passage, with its cupboards of old china and its rusty armor. The light from the mullioned windows reflected his figure in the pier-glass on the outer wall all the way as he went.

And Moyra, playing Peeping Tom from a nook in the gallery, watched the moving reflection; studied the balance of his walk, the neat dark head and sunburned skin, his chestnut—no longer budding—mustache with growing approval. Then, as he reached the ante-room and Lady Toto with both hands outstretched rustled out to meet him, she doubled back down the stairs, slipped past the veranda and fled into the garden.

Later at tea they all forgathered.

"How do you do?" she said brusquely; "I shouldn't have known you again if I had met you in the street."

"No!" he answered, too shy to glance at her for more than a second. He wanted to say something else, to give her tit for tat for her forgetfulness, but he felt unaccountably embarrassed. Lady Toto dropped the silver sugar-basin among the teacups and broke one. This was a merciful diversion, but still the conversation lagged.

"John ought to be in from shooting soon," said Lady Toto.

"Will there be any birds left for me to-morrow?" remarked Lord Kinbrace, his face in his tea.

"Partridges are the one thing that never fails here," asserted Moyra, spreading raspberry jam on a brown tartine.

This complete aloofness one from another was, according to the young people's estimate, a very fair start, but Lady Toto had never been forced to such self-command before. She, poor lady, was sorely worried. Of love-making of a sort she had plenty of knowledge; her undefeated youth, indeed, had allowed it to be superficially perpetual. She had long ago marked herself a success. As the years advanced she grew more complacent, believing herself to be well preserved—that her appearance justified the approving words of men. In all fairness to Lady Toto be it said that compliments and arclness were her simple weapons. From the light combats in which these could engage, she obtained complete delight. To explore the dark recesses of passion's possibilities never occurred to her. Such lapses in other people she associated with her pet abhorrence, tears and dishevelment. It was bad enough to have dear Lord John serious sometimes, and the worry of being gossiped about would have incited crows' feet. "*Elle est surtout très jeune—mais au fond très pratique*," her French governess had said when leaving her twenty-five years ago, and that seemed indeed to explain everything. Moyra was the cause of her deepest emotions—to her a most inexplicable girl: At this moment, trying beyond measure, sweeping opportunity away with an indifference, a positive rudeness, to this young man, that set Lady Toto's nerves on edge. Instinct, however, preserved her from arousing a dispute by personal comments, so she tapped her foot continually and drank mouthfuls of hot coffee, hoping yet for the best as the pauses between the young people's monosyllables grew longer.

"Let's go out," said Lord Kinbrace suddenly.

The long rays of the setting sun darted in at the window and caressed Moyra's pretty head. For this delightful occurrence his eyes, grown bolder now, were full of admiration.

"Let's," she answered, starting up.

"My dear, why don't you ride?" suggested Lady Toto.

"We will," replied Moyra pleasantly; "I'll go to the stables."

"May I put on my gaiters?" added mildred.

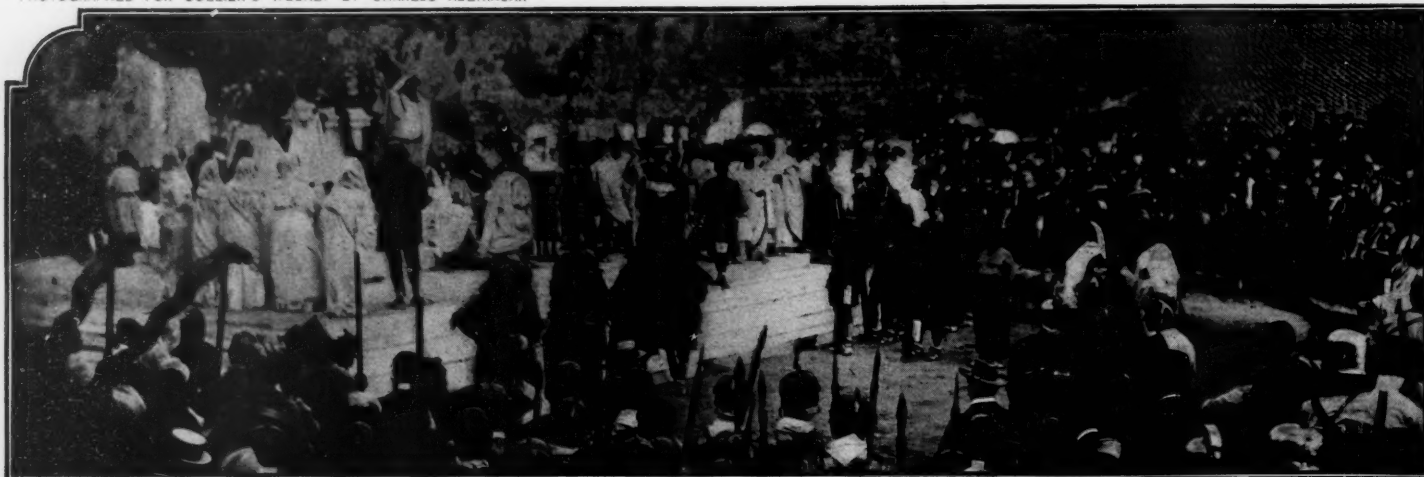
Now indeed Lady Toto felt relieved. Lord Kinbrace's allusion to his gaiters brought a touch of familiarity, of domesticity, into their strained relationship—the ice was broken.

"Gaiters? Why, of course; let me fetch them for you"—she became arch. "I'd love to button them on with my own little silver buttonhook; now do let me, dearest—" She caught Moyra's steady glance of disapproval and hesitated.

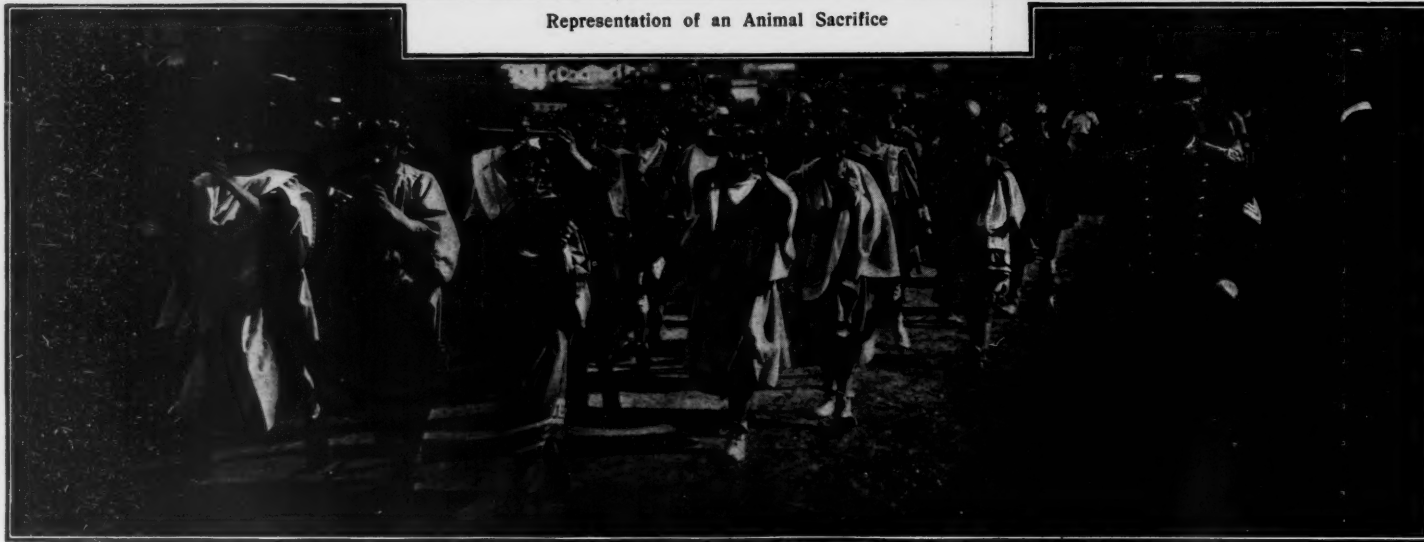
Hesitated, indeed, and sat down again to direct hurriedly in a changed voice: "Ring the bell—hadn't you better ring the bell, Moyra? Edward will bring the gaiters to the hall."

"Very well, Mums," Moyra replied, in a level tone of agreement. She swept her triumphant gaze to the young man standing in uncertainty behind her.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY CHARLES ABENIACAR



Representation of an Animal Sacrifice



Musicians and Mimics, Popular Purveyors of Amusement in Ancient Rome



Litter of State of a Patrician Lady, with Slaves and Attendants



A Roman Matron



Vestal Virgins



Sacrificial Car



Citizen in Toga

# THE PALILIAN FEST

(SEE PAGE 20)





A Roman Matron



Festal Car conveying Roman Ladies



Vestal Virgins



Group of Lictors armed with Fasces, the Emblem of their Office



Sacrificial Car



Citizen in Toga



The Consul in his Chariot, followed by Legionaries bearing Standards

# FESTIVAL AT ROME

(SEE PAGE 20)



# LADY TOTO'S BETROTHING



"Come, Lord Kinbrace," she said.

They rode that day and again the next. The woods were tinged with gorgeous color: the long grass glades twining beneath nut-trees and tangled blackberry-bushes harbored shadows and bright sunrises; the pulse of summer still beat full measure, defying the approach of autumn.

Moyra and her companion sucked the ripe fruit and cracked the nuts with white teeth, whiter between their purple-dyed lips, and laughed continually.

The place and season lent themselves for sentiment, for the recalling of the intimate moments of the past, but Moyra had chased recollection from her eyes when George Kinbrace almost hopefully began to look for it. Her nonchalance, her unaffected prattle about nothing at all, were, in the beginning, matters for congratulation. In time, however, he began to be piqued that he had so obviously grown an object of indifference to her. "She likes men," he concluded; "she is the sort of woman who does; but I believe she has no more intention of alluding to our betrothal, or of accepting our engagement, than of wedding the man in the moon. In all respects that's a mercy"—his reflection carried him on. "Liberty forever—and Mrs. Dupré!" But this gratification was tempered by a touch of disgust; Mrs. Dupré's fair memory was tarnished when Moyra Brinsley rode or walked beside him, fresh as a daisy, chattering with fascinating irresponsibility.

She was brilliant at breakfast, and lovely at noon, a dream in her teagown, and the most beautiful person he had ever seen when her neck and arms were bare and the soup was handed round. But he liked her best on her pony in her little homespun shooting dress, when she seemed like a *bon camarade*, a jolly playfellow to ride to the end of the world with, out of sight of Lady Toto's eagle eye, out of sound of Lord John's good-humored platitudes.

They had spent a long afternoon across country, and Lord Kinbrace was tired of the pitch-and-toss nature of the conversation, which gave him no opportunity to hold her at any point.

"A penny," she said suddenly, with a roguish eye-flash from under her peaked cap.

Come, this was better, this desire for news of himself. He edged his pony nearer to hers. He began to be aware that he was falling in love with her.

"I was thinking I'd like to travel with you," he said.

"Is my geography deficient?" she asked demurely.

"Oh, not that—but you'd understand so well, you wouldn't mind missing a London season to shoot in Cashmere, and I know somehow you would not be seasick in my yacht, and as for Java and Sumatra, and all those tropical islands, you would simply adore them."

"Gracious, what a lot you are taking for granted."

"Don't you believe in instinct?"

"Not much."

"What do you believe?"

"That horses like carrots, and that—well, that's about all."

"Now, Miss Brinsley, please be serious."

"Miss Brinsley is serious," insisted Moyra, blowing her nose; "I believe I've got a cold in my head."

"Welcome that, if it chastens you," answered Lord Kinbrace savagely.

"Thanks. You think me very foolish?" she inquired.

"I think you stunning," he retorted, becoming venturesome in his tactics.

The word was reminiscent, as he intended it should be. She flushed.

"That's schoolboy slang."

"Did you ever know a schoolboy who used it?"

"Lots."

"Tell me some?"

"Ralph Carr, and Tom Durand, and the little Kibbles twins—" She paused.

"And—?"

"And you, I suppose."

Lord Kinbrace grew reckless; the girl looked so lovely and she tantalized him. He put his handsome young face close to hers; she kept her eyes downcast, but for an instant he saw her bite her lip.

"Why do you tease me?" he said. "Ever since I've been here you've been actually cruel—twisted all my words to nonsense—never been confidential once. Don't you remember the apple-blossom on the pergola? Don't you remember our serious wooing?"

She gave no answer. The flush came and went in her cheek, and he, with that sudden sense of possession upon which a man stakes a great deal and loses so much, said, "You know when we're married I shan't let you have it all your own way. I shall—"

She snatched the rein from his hand, she turned her face flaming to his.

"Married!" she cried, "married to you! What are you talking about? I'm engaged already." Then she whipped up her pony and cantered away.

Lady Toto had to call to herself for consolation many resources that evening. It was obvious that some sort of disaster had happened. All day she had been full of suppressed excitement. The young people had been constantly together—the tone of their voices, the quality of their laughter floating up from the garden seemed all as it should be. She began to frame her congratulations, to wonder if the papers would say that she looked as young as her daughter at the

wedding, to speculate if, as a grandmother, she should wear a bonnet.

"Let's have the '82 Perrier-Jouet, Tots, at dinner to-night," she had said, poking up Lord John's slumbering form in the leather armchair.

"My dear, our best wine when we are alone?" protested the sleepy nobleman.

"Why not when we are alone? I'll tell Baker. Good luck such as ours should have good wine to drink its honor." She tripped off on her errand, feeling singularly romantic and happy. Now, even before the lamps were all lighted she had been cast into a fit of despair. She had come down in a new pink teagown to find Moyra huddled in a chair alone, still in her short shooting-skirt, and her face buried behind the paper.

"I'm not coming to dinner, Mums, my head aches. Tell them to send up fish, roast partridge and apple tart to the schoolroom."

And a little further on, in the billiard-room, Lord Kinbrace, standing on the bearskin hearthrug and saying with a set countenance:

"I'm so sorry, Lady John, but I must get back to town by the 7.15 express to-morrow morning. If it is too early to have the carriage out, I could easily walk."

Then indeed Lady Toto's tears welled. Her voice was full of genuine distress as she returned to that prohibited occupation of smoothing imaginary crumbs from the young man's coat lapels.

"But, my dear Georgie, why? We shall be miserable to lose you. You have been here so short a time, and the hounds draw at the best place at six."

"Oh, yes, the hounds," repeated Lord Kinbrace vaguely, in a tone of disappointment.

"Look here, young man"—Lord John's herculean form stumped across to them and relieved the strain of the situation—"are you going to ride Gaddy or that buck-jumper, Primrose? I really want you to try her. She is a clinker to hounds after the first ten minutes."

"I'm afraid, Lord John—" began Kinbrace.

"Afraid? not a bit of it; you've the pluck of the devil. You'll come back next month and want to ride nothing else. I'd better have both horses out for you." And Lord John hurried away to his orders.

"You see," said Lady Toto.

"I suppose I'd better wait," said the boy, clutching at a straw; "there's an express at night, isn't there?"

"Quite, quite late; the middle-day trains are useless." Lady Toto rejoiced in the reprieve. "Poor Moyra has a terrible headache," she added sympathetically; "I've persuaded her to go to bed."

And, for the life of him, at the moment Lord Kinbrace could not express any commiseration.

There had been, between three and four in the morning, a heavy fall of rain. By six o'clock the rising of the earth smell into the keen, clear air, the perfect stillness of the atmosphere, the cloudless sky, offered a gladness generously. Lord Kinbrace, like all true sportsmen, loved Nature from his childhood, had ever given her his wondering exclamations at sunrise and sunset, or in the hour of storm. Now cantering with hands down and head bent toward the hounds gathered about the hunt-servants in the park, he forgot the trials of the previous evening, his wounded vanity, the nursing of his grievance; he could not be despondent, he was so glad to be alive.

Still it was evident that Moyra was not with Lord John. She was probably not up, had no intention of changing her mood. If she chose to sulk—but could she sulk? that was the question; and she answered it by riding out of the yard with the post-bag in her hand.

"Good-morning," she called out with the brightest smile. "I am not going to hunt; it's rot at this time of year; I am going to Drychester to fetch the letters."

"You're in an uncommon hurry," he growled, "for your letters. The mail train won't be in."

"Oh, by the time I get there."

"I should have thought a study of houndwork more exhilarating."

"You're to ride Primrose, then," she continued, ignoring his criticism. "Be careful—she's the very demon of a dream."

"I suppose you would laugh if you saw me laid out."

"Why, no—it wouldn't be funny."

Then she waved her whip and trotted off, clattering along the hard high-road.

Lord Kinbrace looked after her.

"That's a funny girl," he muttered, steeling himself to an independence of judgment. "The man who is going to marry her will have his time full."

He reproached himself for a lack of courage with Lady Toto; he might so easily have asked her who the fellow was. And the thirst for the knowledge worried him for an hour or two. It took the zest out of the pretty houndwork. It caused the huntsman's cheery notes to get on his nerves and made his hands hard on Gaddy's mouth.

"I say," Lord John trotted up on his fat bay cob, "aren't you going to get on Primrose? Only half an hour to breakfast, you know."

Lord Kinbrace was in a temper for a skirmish. He vaulted from saddle to saddle with alacrity.

"Take her down the main ride for a bit," urged Lord John. "Whoa, old girl!—that's it, give her her head."

Kinbrace set his teeth; the brute meant trouble. He hated

black mares with a large white in the eye and a perpetual swish of the tail.

He turned her from the hounds; this she resented. He was obdurate—she obstinate: In the end the mare's victory; on the way he wanted to go she went at last—laced, in fact, entirely out of control, her jaw upraised, her head sawing from side to side. In vain he strove to steady her. He saw ahead the rabbit wire and pheasant hutchies; he saw, moreover, the approach of Moyra, the reins on her pony's neck, the open sheets of the "Drychester Weekly Times" obscuring her face. Five minutes later the following: a receding horse at a gallop, a receding pony at a trot, both riderless. Upon the ground a crumpled heap of man and maid, alive and speaking, but hopelessly disarmed. Everywhere a flutter of letters upon the grass like so many doves in a picture-book.

"Oh—oh—oh—" in crescendo, and Moyra grasped a shapely leg, stockinged pepper-brown.

"God Almighty!" quoth Lord Kinbrace, "have I killed you?"

"Oh," cried Moyra, "oh!" She leaned heavily against his shoulder and he entwined her in his arms all unconscious that further and further into the earth he ground beneath his heel Mrs. Dupré's letter, freshly forwarded.

"Is it awful pain?"

"Partly pride," she muttered. He thought she moaned.

"That beast!"

"I told you!"

"Not exactly."

"That she was a beast first and a darling afterward."

"Was that it?"

"Certainly. Why, aren't you hurt?"

"I wish I were."

"I don't, for you must carry me."

"Is your leg broken?"

"No, but it aches."

He stood up and lifted her; at the moment she seemed a featherweight, though later she confessed to ten stone.

And Lady Toto at this period became magnificent.

The riderless steeds reaching their stables had stunned her to an awful terror. Recovering herself, she had rushed, hatless and in her turquoise kid shoes, toward the wood, followed by the helpers and the gardeners. In good time she saw the two—saw Moyra still lying and Kinbrace beside her. Then she halted, finally returned, and drove her retainers behind their walls. She exercised a superb command. "My child may be dead," she assured herself—"quite dead," but after all it was a crucial moment. Then for the first time for years she went up to the yellow boudoir and cried.

Thus Georgie Kinbrace carried Moyra home alone. She held to the mutilated post-bag with the letters crammed in again—all except Mrs. Dupré's, that indeed had been buried under a fern root. To his surprise he found no one about. He walked with his burden through the open hall door, down the parquet passage, and laid her unaided upon the sofa in the drawing-room.

"Will you go to bed?" he asked.

"Bed?" opening her eyes wide; "I'd rather be here."

"I shall go for the doctor," he said.

"It's not the doctor I want," she declared.

He sat down on the edge of the sofa and she let him take her hand.

"But, Moyra, you must see him. I am miserable about you."

"Don't be miserable. I am rather happy now it is over. I might have broken my neck, you know."

"It was awful—" he said.

"The moss was so soft," she answered.

"You are too brave by far."

"Don't you like brave women?"

"One ought to, but I'm such a coward myself."

"A coward!" she cried incredulously; "not you, Georgie."

It was the first time she had used his Christian name; he felt a lump in his throat.

"I can't face the thought of your marrying any one but me," he said in irrelevant desperation.

"In fact, you'd rather I had been killed just now?"

"Almost," he groaned.

He felt her breath on his cheek. Her cap had fallen off and her curls were all tumbling into her eyes. He forgot the accident altogether.

"Look," he said, "I must know. You must trust me. Tell me the name of the chap."

"Tell you? For what reason?"

"I can't stand uncertainty—guesswork. I want the truth."

"The truth." She raised her bewitching little face to his as closely as she dared. She put her hands on his shoulders, pulling herself up.

"Well, if you would be very kind and get me some Pomade Divine, and some hot coffee, some marmalade and rolls, I'll tell you the truth. I'm engaged to you."

"You witch!" he cried with a start; then, seeing a flash of heathery hills in her blushing cheeks—of azure rippling lochs in her expressive eyes, he forgot to be strong minded, forgot to argue the point, dropped in his joy to soft Gaelic speech and clasped her to his heart.

"Muirnean," he said, "Muirnean"; which, being interpreted by Lady Toto, meant the best.

THE END







## ECHOES OF THE SPANISH CORONATION

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT THE CEREMONIES IN MADRID

AT LEAST one visitor to the coronation of the young king, Alfonso XIII. went to Spain prepared to see "a fourth-rate power," a "decayed empire," a land of "dirt and poverty."

"Civilization," he had read, "stops at the Pyrenees."

But he found the empire, rid of the decayed parts which four years ago were poisoning the whole body, the colonies which for the last fifty years have been to Spain only a cause of weakness, and the loss of which has enabled her to keep her young men at home, has led her to develop the resources of the mother country and, at the same time, gained her in hand twenty millions of dollars. Four years ago, when a little blood-letting got this poison out of Spain's system, she ceased to decay.

As to her being "a fourth-rate power," she has just received the first-rate powers with all the dignity and hospitality which has made the chivalry of Spain familiar. The Czar of Russia, when he invited the world to come and see him crowned, treated his royal visitors with no greater generosity, with no more distinguished consideration.

As to her "dirt and poverty," her villages, nestling in the arms of the green hills, are whitewashed until they hurt the eye; their narrow streets, set in orderly array, are swept and garnished. The Spotless Town of the elevated railroad advertisement is not more clean. The streets in Madrid are as well kept as those of Paris, and the country roads of Spain are like the best in France and England. When one travels on these roads he can understand why, in Spain, the diligence is still a popular means of conveyance. In the United States we have no such roads; indeed, the best-constructed road in the empire of the United States was built by Spanish engineers. It stretches from Ponce to San Juan.

As to her poverty, the poverty or prosperity of a country cannot always be determined by her national debt. The expenses of colonies over sea, of war in those colonies, may be responsible for much of that; and prosperity is also a matter of the individual. It is a question of content. In Pennsylvania, there is the prosperity of the big farms in the middle of the State and the prosperity of the manufacturing city of Pittsburgh. In Spain, you see much of this same prosperity of the farmer, but of the prosperity which comes from the rolling mill or the workshop, unless you visit Barcelona, you see little.

Even the least well-to-do citizen of the United States enjoys the benefits of a public school, a melon in the parlor, the Sunday paper and meat all the week. But to obtain these evidences of prosperity he has, even with the aid of the union, to work eight hours a day. The Spaniard obtains, without a union, wine, bread—and such very good bread it is!—and olives, and does no work at all. And, as he does not like to work, who can stand up and say that he is poor or that he is not to be envied? The one works hard to obtain much; the other does not work, but by planting and scratching the soil, is fed, and is content. That would seem to be enough.

In the twenty-four hours from Gibraltar to Madrid, Spain contradicted herself many times. Spain, so she herself assured the visitors to the coronation of Alfonso the Thirteenth, is sombre, bleak and cold.

To prove this, on either side of the train, she exhibited great gray hills of porous rock, like gigantic cakes of soapstone, pebbly waste places, forests of cork trees turned gray with white lime dust, and hedges of bristling, unlovely cactus.

And then, within the hour, she threw open great valleys of wheat fields, corn fields and pasture grass, in which the cattle stood knee deep and through which the courses of many streams were marked against the green by banks of yellow buttercups, blue flax and scarlet poppies. Then Spain would again turn into a featureless plateau, strewn with stones, like the dry bed of a lake, which stretched to the horizon line, until once more the train swept through a tunnel to show, at the other end in the sunlight, beautiful blue mountains, high hills topped with great houses, from which spread away, like the meshes of a net, lines of olive trees following each other for many miles, the terraces of vineyards and, to the very rails of the car, fields of rich grass, choked with all the wild flowers of

spring. From Ronda to Madrid Spain was a land smiling with plenty.

Of the three national sports—baseball, cricket and bull-fighting—the last seems to hold the heart of its people in the firmest grip. The Spaniard loves the game and he understands the game. With us it is sometimes enough that Casey has touched the home-plate. Because he has scored we are willing to stand up and throw hats in the air, even if he did get home on a fumble. But a Spaniard loves his national sport so well that he likes every point to be made on its merits, he wants the game played according to etiquette and tradition, and with all regard to the technicalities. If you could combine the knowledge of the game possessed by a baseball "fan" on the bleaching boards and the howling enthusiasm of a football crank you would faintly approach the state of mind of the bull-fight enthusiast at a bull-ring.

So, to him, the royal bull-fight was the event of the Coronation. And if he found he was not to be one of those to witness it, he contentedly camped out as near the Plaza de Toros as he could, and listened to the cries and cheers of those inside. By crowding thirty people into boxes meant to hold ten, and allowing spectators to risk their lives inside the barrier, there were gathered around the bull-ring sixteen thousand people. But outside were fifty thousand more. These formed unbroken lines from the bull-ring into the heart of the city. They assembled as early as eleven o'clock in the morning and waited until seven o'clock at night.

There are many stories of the young King which testify to his good heart and others which would seem to imply, what one guesses from his appearance, that he possesses, also, a saving sense of humor.

When the King passes in his carriage through the streets of Madrid any one is privileged to run beside it and throw petitions at him. The custom is medieval, and dangerous to the King, and frequently to the petitioner. The other day an old woman darted toward the King's carriage, but a Guardia Civil, mistaking her motive, seized her roughly and threw her into the crowd. Instantly the King ordered the carriage to be stopped, and, jumping down, ran back to the policeman. "Why did you touch that woman?" he demanded. "You must never lay your hands roughly upon a woman. You have done very ill." Then he turned to the old lady and, raising his hat, said, "I will take your petition, madame." And as she handed it to him he thanked her and bowed.

There is another story told of him, which seems to illustrate his sense of humor, and which, though it was told of him when he was in his third year—that same year when, at the Queen's garden party, he turned a hose on the French Ambassador—may be prophetic. Alfonso was eating something from his plate with his fingers, when the lady-in-waiting exclaimed in horror, "Your Majesty, kings do not eat with their fingers!" His Majesty, again helping himself with the forks nature had given him, answered her grimly, "This king does!"

It will be interesting to see what other things "This King" will do. He starts fair. He is young, strong, eager and intelligent, and every one wishes him well.

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## VOILE GOWNS—THE SEASON'S FANCY

By MARIE GRÉGOIRE



BEIGE VOILE

LIGHT BLUE OVER WHITE

THE WOMAN who hasn't a voile gown this season belongs to an unfortunate feminine minority. Mousseline, lace, chiffon, lawn, any and every diaphanous fabric, has firm hold upon the affections of the summer girl of 1902, but in every well-regulated wardrobe there must be at least one frock more substantial than the filmy floating things, yet more elaborate and pretentious than the severe tailored gown. It fills a niche all its own, and is practically indispensable. In past seasons, foulard, crepon, crepe, and the various silk and wool mixtures have been favorite materials for these betwixt and between gowns for which the English language offers no better descriptive term than the obnoxious "dressy."

This season, voile has things all its own way. One sees a few crepes, an occasional silk grenadine. Conservative women cling to foulard, though there is a decided tendency to relegate that material to simple morning frocks; but ask any dressmaker in Greater New York what to get for an afternoon and visiting gown and she will promptly answer, "Voile."

The material is an exceedingly fine and sheer development of the canvas and etamine idea. For ordinary street costumes, these coarser weaves are considered more *chic*, though voile in dark blue, beige and other serviceable shades appears even in morning and shopping costumes.

But it is in the light colors and in more elaborate gowns that voile finds its opportunity. There was never a material that lent itself more readily to tiny tucks, to hemstitching, to all openwork stitches, to every variety of the needlework ornamentation that is the keynote of this season's fashionable frocks. There is no material that can be teased into more deceptive and extravagant simplicity. It is sheer, clinging, delicate, yet it has a firmness and a wearing quality worthy of a stouter, sturdier fabric. It falls in graceful lines. It adapts itself to any and every style of bodice. It will carry off almost any trimming, from finest lace to heaviest appliqué.

One of the voile gowns illustrated here shows extravagant possibilities, and yet, with all its elaboration, has an air of demure simplicity. It is of sheerest white voile, made with a bloused bodice and with one of the double skirts popular in Paris, though, so far, little worn here. The only trimming is a hand-painted design of trailing leaves and blossoms outlined with a threadlike white silk cord. An embroidered band of black and white runs between the clusters of flowers, and the stock girdle, chou and wrinkled cuffs are of liberty satin, in the tint predominating in the blossoms. A pattern material was used for this frock, but the girl who is clever with brush and water-color can supply herself with fashion's dernier cri, at comparatively little expense. Voile surface takes water-color in the most satisfactory way, and a trail of flowering vine between clusters of small tucks, flower medallions wreathed round with lace, or clusters of pompadour flowers above deep lace scallops or points will transform a modest and inexpensive frock into what a French dressmaker would call an exquisite confection.



ALMOND GREEN WITH ECRU CHENILLE

Allowing the voile pendulum to swing from one extreme to the other, here is a gown of beige voile which is not unsuitable for morning and street wear, yet would not be out of place at a luncheon or any afternoon function. Both the skirt and the blouse are made entirely in clusters of infinitesimally small tucks separated by rows of open herring-bone stitch. The yoke, cuffs and bottom of the blouse are of heavy guipure lace, appliquéd over white, and threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon. The plain-shaped flounce of the skirt is set on with a deep appliqué of the lace, and above the hem is a row of the herring-bone. This open work is, of course, most exquisite when done by hand; but, unless the wearer of the gown will do the needlework herself, it will add excessively to the cost of a costume, and the open-work trimming for sale in all the shops this season really produces almost as good an effect as the hand work, if it is cleverly used. Wherever openwork is used, a white or contrasting silk lining adds to the beauty of the gown. White is the favorite lining for all of the delicate shades of voile, but the popular all white voile gown is often modified by a lining of delicate pink which gives merely a soft rose flush to the white surface and glows through open work and inset lace.

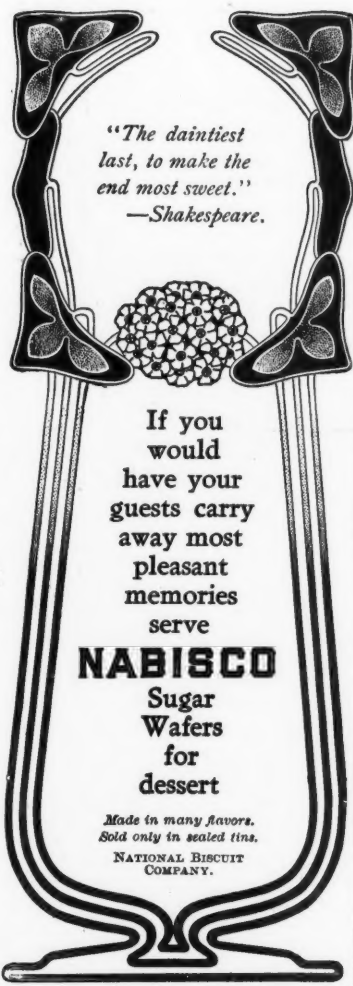
Another practical voile gown, though not for morning wear, is of the almond-green tint seen in so many of the season's imported gowns. It has a skirt with plain front panel and triple flounce back—a model, by the way, which gives a most successful side and back flare without wrapping hopelessly around the wearer's feet when she walks. The design of this gown is not elaborate, but a novel and charming effect is obtained by the use of a bald écaré chenille appliqué band in raised design. A touch of black is introduced in girdle, stock and wristbands.

Apropos of the raised chenille trimming, there are many odd appliqué and raised effects in the trimming of imported voile gowns, and any of them could be easily imitated by a knowing needlewoman. For instance, "Alsation cherries" have figured conspicuously in the products of the famous Parisian dressmaking ateliers. They are merely large cherries cut from cherry-colored velvet and applied in clusters, with stems of green embroidery. One white voile gown worn at a recent New York luncheon was trimmed in applied medallions of black lace and over the edge of each medallion drooped a cluster of the Alsation cherries.

Possibly the most perfect embodiment of the voile idea among our cuts is the one we have saved until the last. It has all the studied simplicity and all the dainty needlework which go to make the individual charm of the voile gown. It is of light-blue voile made over white, the bolero and skirt trimmed with taffeta medallions in blue, set in with blue open-stitch, through which the white silk shows. The full blouse is of accordion-plaited white chiffon and creamy lace insertion, and the elbow sleeves finish with double frills of the chiffon, while the butterfly bows down the blouse front, and the crush girdle and stock are of blue taffetas fastened by tiny pearl buckles.



"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."  
—Shakespeare.

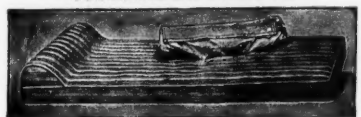


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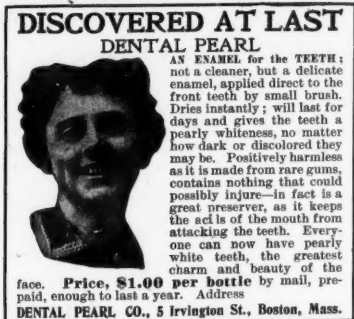
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**THE FRONT DOOR**  
By Tom Masson

THAT DISTINCTION of solitude by which the mind of man has been enabled to attain to its present estate could never have been reached had not the front door come to the early rescue. It is a well-known fact that John Paleolithic Smith was the first man who lived in a cave. But the Smith family cannot be said to have been really a family so long as there was no front door. The Jones tribe, that lived across the way, walked right in on the Smiths at any time of day or night. So did the Smiths on the Joneses. In fact, who were the Paleolithic Smith children; and who were the Paleolithic Jones children, was always a matter of doubt. Smith began to take on feelings that he was feeding more than his share—more than really belonged to him. Where every one kept open cave, how could any kind of a certain tally be assured? An ichthyosaurus used to last him a week. Now it lasted only four days, while Jones loafed.

So Smith peeled off the bark of a tree, sat on it until it was flat and stiff, and made the first front door. He put it up over the hole in his cave, and thus became an individual. Before that he was a nobody, but when he sat behind that door and began to think, he became Smith.

John Paleolithic Smith was the first snob. He was the first leader of the original smart set.

If it hadn't been for that first front door there would be to-day no refined crimes, and consequently no really first-class society.

A cave that can be seen through is only a cave. When the front door closes it from the outside world it becomes a divorce mill, an actor's incubator, a poet's caravansary, a school for scandal, an oratorical debating club, a background for scenic displays, a rendezvous for poor relations, a clergyman's quarry, a lover's refuge, an infant insulator, a villain's hope, and a saint's rest—in brief, a home. That was what Smith did for the world. He made it possible to become exclusive. His name thereafter was Ward McAlister-Gebhard-Belmont-Astor-Smith. Mrs. Smith appeared at the next annual horse show with two Hope diamonds in her nose, and was recognized as The Real Thing. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson followed suit with front doors of their own, and there was ushered in the era of politics and plunder, high teas and low teas, dinners and dives, gossip and garrulity, secret societies and vices, temperance unions and opium smoking, diseases, dissipation and dispensations, flunkies, flattery and flamboyancy, lectures and low necks, hero worship, hedonism and hot air.

That is, civilization came in. It came to stay. Now we have a German Emperor, a Turkish Sultan, a Lord Kitchener, and a William Warldorf Astor. The front door is the mute epitome of the ages. It has built up races, not because of the opportunities it has given them to pray in secret, but to plot in secret. Those come out of it that never went in through it. Smith—Paleolithic Smith—is to blame. He did it. He wanted a front door, and we of to-day are reaping the consequences.

**FOOD**

**HAMPERS BUSINESS**

Coffee Drinking Incapacitates Some People for Business at Times.

A gentleman from McBain, Michigan, says, "Coffee drinking has cost me much, for during my life I have been many times so thoroughly put out of condition that I have been compelled to abandon business for a day or two at a time. The attacks of headache would commence on the right side behind the ear and become so severe as to totally incapacitate me for any exercise, even mental. I have frequently had to take morphine to relieve the suffering. Sour stomach troubled me and I had a nervous heart that gave me a great deal of trouble."

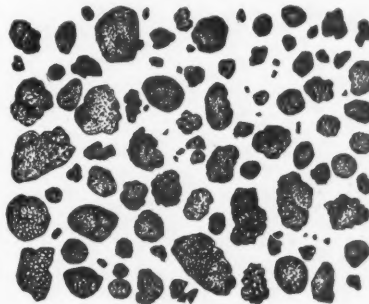
Four years ago I saw an advertisement for Postum Food Coffee which recited the ill effects of coffee on the nerves. I at once decided to make the change and leave off coffee and take on Postum. The result has been all that one could expect.

I am never constipated any more, the bilious attacks never come on except from some indiscretion such as drinking coffee, which I am foolish enough to indulge in now and then. I have no more headaches, no more sour stomach and no bilious spells. I have not been sick to my stomach or had a nervous vomiting spell in three years. Am now 56 years old, and have better health and do a better business and more comfortable than ever before in my life. I certainly attribute the change to leaving off coffee and using Postum, for I have taken no medicine to aid in making the change.

The experiment as stated is absolutely true. I am willing, if necessary, to attach my affidavit to it. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## MISTAKEN VOCATIONS BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

THERE IS many a woman who, feeling the stir of imagination in her, forthwith regards herself as called upon to be a writer. Above the facts of common life her mind weaves stories. Her thought like a shuttle flies perpetually in and out, fabricating patterns on the canvas of every day existence. "These thoughts of mine," thinks she, "are worthy of record in print. Let me withdraw to a study and devote myself to literature. I have mistaken my vocation; I am not meant for a mere darning of stockings, or to bathe children, or to cut their bread and butter. It is nothing short of sin to hide faculty beneath a bushel. Let me proceed to make the best of this talent God has given me." Or she feels her mind filled with conceptions of color and form. Her eye makes pictures. She believes herself called upon to be an artist.

In forty-nine cases out of fifty these women are making a grievous mistake. Nature has endowed them with imaginative fancy but with no more than enough to invent fairy stories for their children. Nature has given them an eye for form and color, but no more than is needed to make homes beautiful, to fashion dainty garments for their little ones, to imbue these little ones with the loveliness and grace of life.

There is no end to the making of books. One is weary of the unsatisfying multiple manifestations of mediocre art. On the other hand, we are oppressed by the consciousness of unlovely homes, of graceless lives, of joyless, unimaginative children, of women who bewail in fifth-rate verse that life is not worth living, or paint, with but little attention to drawing, pessimistic monochromes.

Assuredly life is not likely to be worth living, existence can be but a drab-dull thing when women who hold the happiness of homes within their hands expend their best in ink and paper or on canvas. To cheer, to help and beautify existence for real human persons must be greater than it is to sit in a study absorbed in describing superfluously lovely heroines, misunderstood hus-

bands and wives, and in ingeniously extricating these from dilemmas the romantic has herself created. Far better to help poor human lame dogs over real stiles.

The truth is, one cannot serve two masters. The standard in every branch of work has risen that the producer, if he would achieve any measure of success in the world, must devote his undivided best to it. What, then, is the fate of a home wherein the wife and mother devotes her undivided best to something outside it? What will be the future of a people whose wives and mothers devote their undivided best to something other than their homes and husbands and children? Women are making an immense mistake in supposing that it is a higher life to write romances than it is to tell fairy stories to their children. They are making a sad error when they believe it nobler to reproduce persons upon canvas or paper than it is to create and teach and care for flesh and blood human children. Where genius exists, or talent of sufficient power to amuse, delight and instruct the world, it is a different thing. A great art must and will always express itself. Individuals and personal life must be sacrificed to it. Its mission is to millions, and the few—the genius himself among them—must suffer that the many may benefit. But in forty-nine cases out of fifty wherein the stirring of imagination leads a woman to suppose herself gifted with more power than is needed to brighten and charm and influence her immediate circle, she allows herself to be sadly deluded. Her ideals will be best realized in concrete daily life. Let her apply her romantic enthusiasms to the service of her family and friends. There is no fear that the world will fall short of writers and artists. A far greater danger threatens from diverting more and more the living color and beauty of women's minds from the home and everyday existence, squandering it on fifth-rate romances and mediocre art. Therefore, let women feeling the stir of talent in them realize that this may be no more than can best be applied to and is sorely required by the needs of their immediate circle.

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## How to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia

The Philadelphia Inquirer recently contained an account of a most remarkable discovery that will cure any form of rheumatism or neuralgia, which leaves no room for doubt, as the acid in the system is so dissolved that rheumatic affections cannot exist. The Inquirer wired its correspondent to obtain details regarding its use whereby any may avail themselves of its marvelous benefits at home; it is endorsed by seventy prominent people, all having been sufferers for years with rheumatism or neuralgia, and after trying everything money could procure without success, used this method, which cured them all in a marvelously short time without a single unpleasant symptom. Having nothing to sell and no interest further than to relieve sufferers as they have been relieved, they desire all who may be likewise afflicted to know of this certain cure. Any sufferer can have copy of above news article and full particulars free by sending their address to Dr. Stephenson, 5-11 Irvington Street, Boston, Mass.

## THE MAKING OF FRUIT SYRUPS

BY MARGARET HALL

THE APPRECIATION of the delicious fruit flavors, so keenly enjoyed during the season now at hand, should prove a strong incentive to the zealous housewife in the matter of providing herself with future resourceful factors of this character against the day when the possibility of securing the fruit itself shall have passed away.

The making of fruit syrups entails no excess of time, labor or expense. The opportunity is now presented for supplying one's self with invaluable ingredients in the direction of autumn's and winter's desserts, the choicest flavorings for home-made ice creams, parfait, sherbets, jellies, Bavarian and other creams, sauces for puddings, and also flavorings for punches and other beverages for immediate as well as later emergency service.

Strawberry Syrup. Put on over a moderate flame of the gas range a porcelain-lined kettle, containing three pounds of sugar and one and a half pints of water. Stir with a wooden spoon, until the sugar is dissolved; allow to come to a boil, skim and set aside to cool. Mash fresh ripe strawberries and strain through a cheesecloth bag to produce three and a half pints, or a scant two quarts of juice. Put down again the kettle containing the boiled sugar and water, this time over a flame of greater intensity, and let boil rapidly, watching for the moment when a spoonful of this syrup dropped into cold water and rubbed between the thumb and finger will form a small ball. Add at once the strawberry juice; let all come up to a boil, skim and set aside to cool. When cold, bottle and seal.

Raspberry Syrup. Mash gently freshly gathered raspberries and put into a stone crock with a half-pint of best white wine vinegar to every pound of fruit. Cover carefully and place on a shelf in the cool cellar for a couple of days. At the end of this time allow all the juice to drain off thoroughly through a very fine puree sieve, without any attempt, however, to wash the pulp of the berries through the sieve; this may be used for making jam. Add to every quart of juice a pound and a half of the best

granulated sugar, stirring with a wooden spoon until the sugar is wholly dissolved, when stir in briskly the well-beaten white of an egg to which has been added a tablespoonful of cold water. During this process the mixture may be heated, but not allowed to come to a boil, and then set aside to cool. Then again put over a more brisk flame of the gas range and allow to boil for about five to ten minutes. Skim well as the scum arises, and when removed from the fire, stir until cool; when cold, bottle and seal.

Pineapple Syrup. Make a syrup of three pounds of sugar to which has been added the white of an egg beaten up and gradually blended with a pint of cold water. Let boil and skim until the whole is very clear. Put aside to cool. Carefully pare and grate pineapples of the best quality, obtaining three pints of juice, and strain the same through a flannel jelly-bag. Put the syrup on to boil for about ten minutes, adding gradually at the end of this time the pineapple juice. Let all come to a boil together, skim well and place aside to cool. When thoroughly cold, bottle, cork and seal.

Tutti-frutti Syrup. Put into a large stone jar or crock with a closely fitting cover one quart of good preserving brandy. For every pound of fruit which you use as you proceed you must add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar. You must use only the best of dry, good fruit in sound condition and of choice flavor. Every kind of fruit may be used, commencing with strawberries. The mixture must be stirred every day with a large wooden spoon in order that the sugar may be well dissolved. The jar must be kept in a dry, cool place. Use as much of any kind of fruit as you may desire, remembering the proportionate quantity of sugar. Beginning with strawberries and the sugar, follow on with cherries, pineapples, currants, raspberries, apricots, plums, peaches, grapes, peeling and seeding all of the fruits except the berries. Use at least one pound of black cherries as a dark coloring, always remembering accuracy as to the proportionate amount of sugar and the daily stirring.





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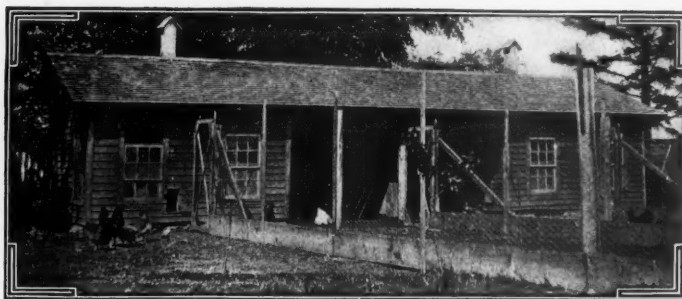
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### Travel Like Princes

Those who saw the special train in which H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia made his tour of the United States are comparing it with other trains in regular service, and it is admitted that none of the cars in the train compare favorably with the buffet, compartment and standard sleeping cars of the Pioneer Limited trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in daily service between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis. The people of this country have the satisfaction of knowing that at any time they cannot only travel like Princes, but can get much better service.



## A WOMAN'S FARM

By Kate V. Saint-Maur



A Fat Pair

twelve ducks, eight guinea fowls, seven rabbits, six covies, twenty-two pigeons and, in addition, I had sold enough eggs and young of all sorts and kinds to cover increase and feed. Results seem to warrant the feeling that I can be of some slight help to other women wishing to make a more or less self-supporting country home.

We will suppose you have two hundred and fifty dollars to invest and a good-natured husband (like mine) who believes that a country home and pure air for yourselves and children are worth a little trouble, so puts up with being a commuter for a year or two until your farm business brings enough to warrant his devoting his time to it instead of the stuffy office in the city.

The first step is to find a small farm of ten to twenty acres within twenty miles of a city and one or so from a depot. Insist on a long lease with option of purchase; rent must not exceed fifteen dollars a month. (My first place was twelve and I had fourteen acres.) Good water is essential; ground sandy, and see that there is a fair barn and chicken-house on the premises. (No new houses were built on my place until the second fall.)

Remember, there will be the furniture-moving to pay for, twenty-five dollars; lamps, stoves, washtubs, the indispensable tools, spade, pick, rake, hoe, saw, axe, hammer, screwdriver, chisel, gimlet and a wheelbarrow must be bought. Liberally, a hundred dollars must be allowed for this.

Once settled in the new quarters, look over the chicken-house, and, unless especially well built, obtain one of the good roofing papers which come in rolls of two hundred and fifty square feet and cover the building. Freedom from damp or draught is as important to success as cleanliness.

To be sanitary, a chicken-house must be thoroughly white-washed once a month during the warm months and whenever weather permits during the winter. A building twenty-five feet by twelve will accommodate fifty hens.

The breeds are numerous. My experience was mixed for two years until I settled down to the white Wyandottes, which now deserve my careful recommendation as the best fowls for general purposes.

In September or October you can purchase good birds for market and egg production for a dollar each; add three cockerels, at two and a half each, to run with them. Get the hens from one place, the roosters from another. See that they all come from the same pen; they will not be so ready to fight as strange males.

From such a flock you should get at least two dozen eggs a day. Strictly fresh eggs will never sell for less than twenty-two cents a dozen, often twice that. Fourteen dozen a week at twenty-two cents would be \$3.08. Feed will cost, at most \$1.50; profit, \$1.58.

ON HOW MUCH money can I start a chicken and pet stock farm? This question has been asked me at least two hundred times since my own place was started five years ago.

My capital was nearly nothing, and the wonderfully full stock of one hen, a pet dog and two cats. In a year the family had multiplied to three cats, two hundred hens,

An incubator that holds 120 eggs will cost \$20; two brooders, \$24. These should be added to the chicken plant in January and set going not later than the 15th, so that chicks are hatched out toward the first week in February. Incubation requires twenty-one days. Thus you can fill your incubator three times before March 20. A poor percentage would be 70 chicks from each hatch, 210 in all.

Cost of 360 eggs at 22 cents a dozen, \$6.60. Oil for heating incubator and brooder, 60 cents; feed for three months, \$6 (a most liberal allowance); in all, \$13.20.

The usual average is half pullets, half cockerels. If you keep all the pullets to increase laying stock for next fall, you should still have 100 broilers weighing a pound and a half each to sell in May and June, making 150 pounds at 20 cents—\$30 gross. Deduct expenses, \$13.20, and you have \$16.80 and 100 pullets.

It is safe to calculate on these lines. Bear in mind, there are still April and May to run the incubator in, which should provide you with roasters for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Any rough little place six feet by four, with a dry floor, will house a trio of Pekin ducks—in my opinion, no others are worth keeping—which can be bought for ten dollars. They will commence laying in March; every six days you will have twelve eggs. Eleven, a setting, can be put under a broody hen. From two ducks and a drake the first year I raised fifty-eight, selling forty-six and keeping twelve for stock. When the fact is borne in mind that at twelve weeks old these Pekins weigh five and six pounds apiece and range in price, from May to November, from eighteen to sixteen cents a pound, it is evident they are worth rearing.

Guinea-fowl will roost up in the rafters of any outhouse and almost feed themselves. My stock originated with two hens and a rooster, cost three dollars, and I brought up thirty-two, selling five pairs at six months old at a dollar a pair, used eight for my own table—they are delicious when young—and kept eight for stock. Each year they are in larger demand for table use during the closed season for game, and when chickens are expensive and scarce. They always select brush or some wood-pile to lay in. Watch patiently, find the nest, steal the eggs with a long-handled spoon—if your hand comes in contact with the nest they will desert it—and set under a hen, or they will nearly all be lost, because the real mother will drag them through the wet grass.

Very little additional trouble will enable you to supplement the above with three or four white rabbits, who will produce some six little ones every sixty days, always worth twenty cents while babies; at Easter they go up to a dollar each. The cost of the old ones will be about two dollars the pair.

In such an establishment as you are creating you must keep two or three cats, or be overrun with mice. Obtain nice short-faced Maltese; then, instead of having the misery of consigning kittens to a watery grave, sell them at fifty cents and a dollar each. Any store that sells pet animals will give you these prices, and in every city there is a store of this kind.

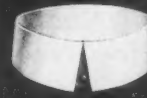
When you have had a couple of years' experience commence replacing some birds or animals of each kind with the very best thoroughbreds, remembering always that there is generally a quick sale for the cheaper, pretty pet creature.

Be patient, persevering and systematic; laugh at mistakes and expect losses.

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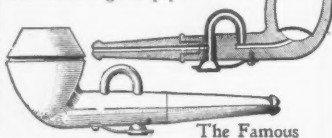
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## HOMES

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## THE PALILIAN FESTIVAL AT ROME

(SEE PAGES 12 AND 13)

ALL HISTORY begins in legend. So the record of the foundation of Rome. On the 21st of April, 753 B.C.—a pity the hour and minute are not named!—the twins Romulus and Remus, sprung from the Vestal Rhea Sylvia and the god Mars, were suddenly set down on the banks of the Tiber, where they were propitiously found by a wolf. With the instinctive love for the human tribe peculiar to beasts of prey, the wolf—fortunately a female wolf—sucked the babies until their luck took a new turn. It came with their discovery by some herdsmen, whose flocks were browsing the succulent pastures sloping down the Palatine Hill. Upon this hill the two brothers built the wall that was the beginning of Rome. To the glory of Pales, the goddess of the shepherds, therefore, was the city's birth dedicated, and to this day have the citizens of eternal Rome held Palilian festivals in celebration of that natal event.

This year the commemoration was revived with unusual circumstance and splendor. The people of modern Rome did their best—which was indeed the superlative of good—to bring ancient Rome to life again, to conjure the past back into the present. So, on the fourth day of May, a wonderful procession moved up the green Palatine, to the ruins of the imperial abodes crowning the sacred hill. Thirteen hundred persons composed the beautiful show, which numbered:

Stalwart legionaries in burnished cuirasses and dazzling helmets, bearing the eagles of Rome the invincible; stern lieutenants, high constables of the law, whose power to avenge shone from the ax-blade protruding out of the bundle of rods; Numidian horsemen, black as midnight, armed with spears eight feet long and their steeds bearing leopards' skins for saddlecloths; tangle-haired Dacian foot soldiers, whose grim visages alone betokened havoc and fury—long robed, metal-capped legs wound about with leather thongs, bodies protected by immense round shields with strange devices; bare-headed patricians and hooded senators in ample togas; handsome youths with anointed locks bound by a broad ribbon or an ivy wreath; players of the straight, slender, clangorous tuba and the piping double flute; farcical grimacing mimics; a chorus of singers; oily, half-naked African slaves; the consul, standing upright, with the air and insignia of authority, in his low-fronted chariot; the gorgeously caparisoned litter of a great lady, carried on the shoulders of servingmen bought body and soul for silver sestercies in the market-place; drawn by six oxen a festal car, the size of a small house,

with silk curtains for walls, within which luxuriously reclined the wives of eminent patricians in long, flowing white stolas; another car, containing the beasts for the sacrifice; solemn, bearded priests; serene vestals, in sandals and white, purple-bordered robes.

Such was the pageant that wound up to the summit of the most venerable of Rome's seven hills and there disappeared into the Stadium.

The thirteen hundred modern representatives of ancient Rome grouped themselves at the end of the vast unroofed stone arena, where, beneath the gaze of ten thousand keen spectators, the sacrificial rites in honor of Pales were enacted. Simulated, let us rather say, since the innocent heifer and the harmless sheep—the brows of both animals adorned with red roses—were not actually slaughtered. The pretended victims were led to a smoking altar, about which the priests and the vestals were gathered. Here the slaying and disembowelling were mimicked, upon which, in presence of the Consul and the High Priest, the haruspex (soothsayer) examined the (imaginary) entrails. After the augury had been delivered, three hundred pigeons were all at once released from cages. The manner of the birds' flight was, according to sempernal custom, to be translated into good or evil omens for the welfare of Rome. On this happy occasion the pigeons were assumed to foretell happy things. Scarcely had the last of the swift birds dissolved in the blue above when the chorus burst into song, intoning Horace's "Carmen Saeculare" (set to music by Cellini), to the accompaniment of sounding brasses. Upon the singing of the hymn followed athletic games. They consisted of exercises with spear and javelin, feats of running and jumping, hurling the discus and displays in wrestling. The whole spectacle was watched by the grave, toga-clad senators from their curule chairs.

The antiquaries and artists of Italy had vied with one another in designing the costumes worn, in some of which, however, anachronisms were manifest. Ladies of fashion had come forward to lend their beauty and grace to the personifying of the patrician women and the vestal virgins. State, municipality and private citizens had given generous assistance toward the success of the great festival. To aid illusion, the procession to the Palatine and the ceremonies there were held, as they would have been centuries ago, under the eye of Apollo, the god of the sun. Thus, under the most beautiful of all skies did the people greatest in all history for a few brief hours live again to the world, even to ourselves, the denizens of a new world.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—V

By EDWARD A. ROTH

THE new camerite, after he has taken his first picture, is a great deal like the small boy who has trapped his first animal—eager to see what it looks like. And, like the same juvenile Nimrod, he runs the same danger of losing it through succumbing to his intense desire to take a peep at it before he has made quite certain of keeping it. The picture is trapped and its release is a matter for great precaution. It is just as fleeting as the boy's prize.

As I have pointed out, all there is of picture-taking was completed when the shutter was closed on the lens and the camera went blind.

So now we embark upon the mechanical act of finding out how good we are at exposure—or how bad. Above all, be deliberate about it. If you use a lamp in the darkroom, light it the very first thing and know that it is clean and in good order. With the door still open, arrange the trays and fill them while you can see that you are putting developer in the proper tray and still can read labels distinctly. Don't guess at anything. Fill the "hypo" box with fresh "hypo"—it's so cheap that you can afford to throw it away and throwing it away after one session is the best use you can put it to. In making the "hypo" solution, especially in warm weather, use acetic acid, or alum, or both, as it hardens the negative and prevents it from curling or "frilling" at the edges.

With the trays ready, close and lock the door. Now we'll see what sort of an animal we have caught in the trap. As you take the first plate from the holder, go over it lightly with a camel's-hair brush. Never be in too much of a hurry and leave this out, as a tiny speck of dust may spoil the whole picture. Have at hand, if you haven't running water, a clean vessel of water, for you may want to weaken the developer. A slow development is generally desirable, provided it isn't too weak to bring out the detail.

Rinsing the plate in clean water, slip it quickly into the developer, and keep the latter moving in slight waves by rocking, as instructed in all pamphlets that are given by manufacturers. Don't make up your mind too quickly about weakening the developer.

The stage when development should cease and the strength of the developer depend

largely upon what sort of prints are to be made. For printing-out paper, I prefer a medium thick negative; but for carbon prints, especially when made by artificial light, as our "daddies" never dreamed we could do it, I rather lean to a thin negative, to be obtained by stopping as soon as the detail is all well defined. The thicker negative is secured at its right density by continuing in a not too strong solution, until the image is all nearly faded into a dull shadow and is very clearly visible on the back of the negative when held, not directly before the light, but slanting away from it. Beware of going too far and getting a foggy negative. That is why a strong developer is not safe when handled by a novice.

In portrait negatives, rivet your eyes to the face of the subject and don't carry development so far as to blot all the half-lights out of it and get a white mask, sans nose, sans chin, sans eyes, sans everything.

Of course, intensifiers and reducers may help save a badly developed negative, but, if the exposure has been properly made there will be no need of resorting to such aids. The development is simply bringing out a result already obtained, not building up one. At any rate, either of the processes—intensifying or reducing—can be used after the negative is fixed and washed. The emulsion has a keen faculty for retaining all it could catch of the picture, even though you don't get it all out at the first try.

Rinse the negative thoroughly before putting it into the "hypo" bath to "fix" it; and, after you become expert, you can help it a little by passing the fingers gently over it, cleansing it from possible particles that don't belong there and which may harden into it. Never try this unless the negative is fully immersed in water or water is flowing freely over every part touched. Don't be too anxious to take the negative out of the "hypo." Let it "cook" well and past the time when all the yellow has disappeared.

Full washing in running water, with the negatives in a proper washing box, really hastens them to the printing stage, for the complete elimination of "hypo" will make them dry more quickly after they are put upon the rack.






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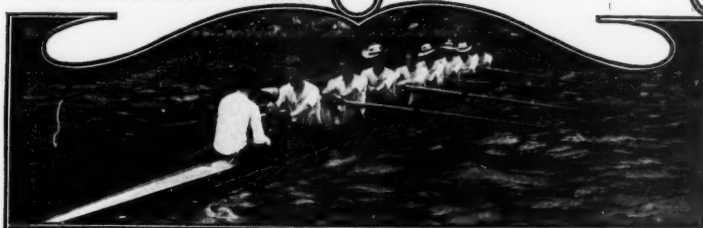
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Cornell



Columbia



Georgetown



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Syracuse

VARSITY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SIX COMPETING COLLEGES AT POUGHKEEPSIE

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

## POUGHKEEPSIE RACE

THE interest in the Poughkeepsie race was greatly enhanced this season by the fact that, so far as public form was concerned, there was no means of securing an accurate line on the probable result of the contest.

Cornell, in the judgment of those who follow the rowing on the river annually, had displayed the better form, but to offset this there was a good deal of confidence in the crews which O'Dea annually sends on from Wisconsin, and it was known that this year it would be a veteran crew. Besides, Ward's English experience might have given him some more

remembered, he defeated Titus of New York in the Senior Singles of the Harlem Regatta. Scholes is 22 years old, 5 feet 11½ inches tall and rows at 165 pounds. He is rowing in a 27-foot boat.

## ARGONAUT CREW FOR HENLEY

The Argonaut crew which Toronto is sending to Henley this year is an exceptionally powerful body of mature men and is rated at from 15 to 20 seconds faster than the crew sent over in 1899, which was defeated by the London crew by a quarter of a length, London being afterward beaten by Leander a length. Their stroke, Wright, is a post-office employé, 37 years of age and weighing over 180 pounds. Wright has been to Henley before. In 1894 he won a heat in the Diamond Sculls and in 1899 stroked the Argonaut eight. McKenzie, No. 7, also sat in the boat which rowed that year.

McKenzie is in the Parliament Building, rows at No. 7, is 27 years of age and weighs 167 pounds. Duggan, No. 6, is clerk in the Division Court, 26 years old, weighing 168 pounds. Mason, at No. 5, is in the Home Savings and Loan Bank. He saw hard service in South Africa, is 27 years of age and weighs 160 pounds. Hamber of Winnipeg is in the Dominion Bank, 24 years old and weighs 168 pounds. Kent, No. 3, is in the insurance business and of the same age and weight as Hamber. Parmenter, No. 2, is a barrister, 23 years old, 160 pounds. Hardisty, bow, is interested in mining development, is 22 years old and weighs 165 pounds.

## WOMEN'S METROPOLITAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

The Woman's Metropolitan Golf Association held its annual meeting on the links of the Essex County Country Club with 33 entries. Miss Elizabeth W. Goffe of the Home Club took the gold medal score with two most consistent rounds of 43-43. Miss Hecker, the champion, came next with 91 and Mrs. DeWitt Cochrane third with 95.

On the first day of match play, however, Mrs. Manice, who had finished ninth in the qualifying round, disposed of

Miss Goffe decisively, while Mrs. Shippen put out Mrs. Cochrane, and Miss Hecker, after a good plucky finish (for Mrs. Sanford played good golf going out), put out the Essex County member.

But it was not until the second round of match play that the really sensational golf of the tournament developed. And it appeared in the contest between Miss Hecker, the present champion, and Miss Underhill, the champion of 1899. Miss Hecker won by 7 up and 6 to play, but it is little wonder that she did when one considers that she went out in 40, the sixth hole being approximated at 4, and from



Lou F. Scholes of the Don Rowing Club

winning ideas. Then came in the complication of Hanlan's already marked success in training eight-oared crews and the very good performances his men had shown on the Harlem. Finally, the dark horses, Georgetown and Syracuse, loomed up as greater possibilities than ever before.

With the very short time the crews are on the river at Poughkeepsie it is almost impossible for followers of the races to secure anything like the accurate line on the rowing that is possible to those who go on the towpath at Henley or who follow the practice of the varsity crews in the old country. The same is true of New London, but there the greater possibility of practice gives a little more opportunity for the observer to figure on his favorites. Not only did this condition of affairs add to the popularity of the race, but it actually increased the attendance, because college men have a way of going to events of this kind where the winner is not definitely picked. In the first place, if his own crew stands a chance to win he wants to be on hand to see it done and to join in the celebration. Secondly, he is always stimulated by his desire to see a close contest. When, therefore, a crew of one university is picked as a certain winner many men belonging to the other university stay away because they do not care to see their crew defeated, and a still greater number stay away because, with the race a foregone conclusion, they do not consider it much sport to pay out money to sit on an observation train and see a procession.

**SCHOLES AFTER THE DIAMOND SCULLS**  
Lou F. Scholes of the Don Rowing Club, who tries for the Diamond Sculls, comes from an extremely athletic family and has been rowing some four or five years. Last year he won the Intermediate Single Scull championship at Philadelphia, and later the Senior Doubles at Ottawa. On Memorial Day, it will be



Argonaut Crew from Toronto

the tenth hole on played practically perfect golf, coming in in 37, although not holing out on two holes, her ball lying dead to the hole, however. Mrs. Manice defeated Mrs. Rogers by a single hole and Miss Hernandez put out Miss Ellis 2 up and 1 to go. Mrs. Shippen beat Miss Willis 4 up and 2 to play.

Mrs. Manice and Miss Hernandez came through from the semi-finals, the former putting out Miss Hecker 4 up and 3 to play, while Miss Hernandez disposed of Mrs. Shippen 2 up and 1 to play. In spite of the very good golf shown by Miss Hernandez at times during the tournament, it was practically a foregone conclusion that she would be defeated in the finals. Mrs. Manice has been playing for this victory since 1898, and although several times she has been very nearly good enough to win there has always come some upset between her and the final victory. This season has done her good and has made her a strong match player. All this she showed in the final contest with Miss Hernandez, for she gave her opponent no quarter from the start. She was getting off a long ball and still playing a safe, steady game. The result was the overthrow of Miss Hernandez by a score of 7 up and 6 to play. For the Consolation, Miss Kyle defeated Mrs. Morgan on the home green. The handicap prize went on the play-off to Mrs. Patterson, who secured a gross of 104 to Mrs. Rogers' 100, but her handicap of 10 to Mrs. Rogers' 4 netted her 94 to the latter's 96.

**YALE-HARVARD BOAT RACE**  
Several times in the history of the four-mile races there have been crews sent down to New London and to Poughkeepsie which were not physically adapted to rowing the distance. When Mr. Lehman was over here, the first of his crews was one of that kind, and he felt before the day of the contest at Poughkeepsie that there were men in his boat who could not last the race out. The



Mrs. Manice



Miss Hernandez

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACE WILL BE PUBLISHED IN OUR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Mr. Higginson



Harvard Varsity Eight in Rough Water



Yale Crew at "Full Reach"



Yale Four Making Good Time

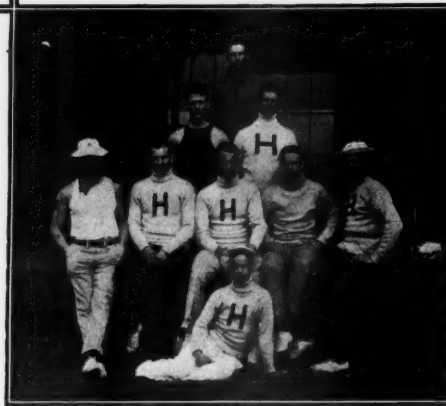


Harvard Four Swinging Around

## YALE vs. HARVARD



The Yale Crew in Their Respective Positions



Members of the Harvard Varsity Crew

two races of 1900 and 1901 at New London forced home upon the authorities, both at Cambridge and New Haven, the necessity of getting enough stamina in the boat to row the entire four miles under pressure, and as a result never were there two more powerful crews, physically, than those that will represent the Crimson and the Blue on June 26. In point of physique they are not far apart, although Yale is rather the heavier and more powerful.

The next consideration is that of stroke. Although it has become the habit in the last few years for rowing critics to say that all the strokes are coming nearer and nearer together, we have by no means reached the position of the Englishmen in this respect, where a man may be taken from one boat and put in another without its taking him more than two or three days to become accustomed to the swing of the new set of men. With us, the peculiarities of the crews from year to year are more marked, and certain pet hobbies of each individual coach are so worshipped by him and his following that they accent certain parts of the stroke unduly, and thus make it in its way peculiar and characteristic. But there are some things where experience has really proved an effective teacher and where rowing men have learned some decided truths. The general public still believes in many traditions of the past. Particularly is this true regarding spurring in a four-mile race.

Now, there may be times during the race when each crew for a time rows harder than usual and puts in a little more effort, but until the end of the struggle is fairly in sight the raising of the stroke three or four points is not considered good judgment, and generally exists largely in the imagination of the writer of the account. This raising of the stroke is not brought in until a crew is well within reach of home. It is more like a bicycle race in this respect. The final sprint is what tells, and a crew that can row the four miles in very good time may be beaten out in the last quarter-mile, just as a bicyclist is, by the superior sprinting quality of the opponents. The two crews will cover the four miles as rapidly as they can, and one will by no means wait for the other, or go

slowly, after the manner of bicyclists, but neither will either of them spurt in the sense of raising the stroke until they get pretty close to the last half-mile.

Now, viewed from this standpoint the question of strokes becomes simpler. The stroke that is smoothest, easiest and which produces the least shock is the kind of stroke that is going to tell least on the men rowing it during the three miles and a half preceding the struggle for supremacy, or the final spurt. It may be possible that one crew is so much better than the other this year as to result in no excitement and practically no race; but, setting that aside, because neither party wants to see a procession, if the two crews will stay together as they have for the last two years the spectator should watch carefully the stroke of the crews, compare the smoothness of the beat and its rhythm, as well as note which boat stops most between strokes; for, no matter how well the stroke is rowed, it is safe to say that there will be a perceptible checking in both boats. Then when the two crews get into the lane of boats for the finish, watch them spurt, and the crew that has had the easiest stroke will carry the spurt the longest.

Judging the strokes on this basis both are exceptionally good—in fact, better than the strokes of many crews that have rowed at New London, and that, too, of winning crews. So true is this that if the conditions turn out to be especially favorable, favoring wind and a good tide, and some high water in the streams above, it may be that the record will be broken. But ideal conditions at New London are rare, hence there is very little safe judgment upon time rows.

On the whole the Yale stroke is, at this writing, the smoother and hence has an advantage. It is true that a good deal of this may come from the fact that they have been rowing with one man at stroke considerably longer than Harvard, and Harvard may become adjusted during the final week to a greater smoothness and better following of the man who rows their stroke oar. If not, then it should certainly go against Harvard.

In spite of having to drill a set of comparatively new players and send them up against one of the ablest veteran organizations in college baseball, Yale succeeded in winning the Princeton series. It looked hopeless at the outset, but Captain Guernsey and Leslie Johnston got together a group of men who would not fail them in a pinch, and, with the assistance of Carter, Keator, Case and Beal, made a nine that could fight for their lives and never give up until the last man was out. Furthermore, the nine stuck close together, stood by the management and fought it out on the line that was adopted at the outset of the season. It is a pleasure to those who believe in quiet ball to see that a college nine can come through a hard series without the necessity of the objectionable professional coaching so common among college nines. With the winning of this series, Yale has added a third creditable success to her season, her nine having already won the Brown and Georgetown series.

The game was, like most critical college games, slow at times, then wildly exciting. Princeton went out into the lead with three runs in the first inning. This was intensely depressing to many of the partisans of Yale. Her coaches, too, were glad to see the inning over, for there was a feeling that there would be a bad quarter of an hour for Yale sometime and it was bet-

ter to have it come at the start than later in the game. Thereafter Yale settled down to the strongest kind of ball, finally, by careful batting, sacrifice hits and good base running, working out two runs. Then, when the game had run along up to the seventh inning still 3 to 2 in Princeton's favor, Yale got together and pulled into the lead. Then followed a hair-raising struggle between the two nines for the next three innings, which was finally ended by Guernsey putting Meier out at first at the end of the ninth inning, clinching the score 5 to 4 in Yale's favor.

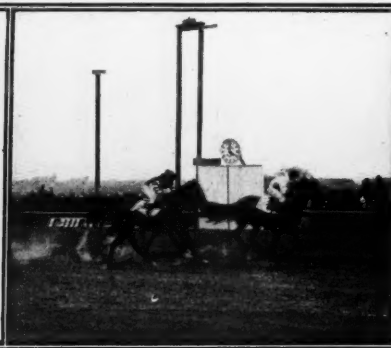
Some marvellous work was done by both sides. Steinwender's catch of what was apparently a safe hit over second base, Barnwell's remarkable holding a low-line hit at centre and Guernsey's one-handed stop of an apparently safe hit between short and third were marked features. But the Yale battery deserves the greatest credit for their work, Garvan, particularly, pitching a remarkably heady game and making every ball count.

The Princeton-Harvard game seemed to call forth the disapproval of the weather authorities, for rain closed it at the seventh inning. The game was one-sided, although not so much so as the score, 7 to 0 in Princeton's favor, would indicate. For six innings it was close. Princeton, after shutting out Harvard in the first inning, had secured one run chiefly through the poor play of the Harvard battery and Skillton's error, and in the second inning added two more runs through two bases on balls followed by a safe hit for two bases by Greene. This made the score 3 to 0. Up to the seventh no more runs were scored by either side, but here once more Harvard went to pieces, Clarkson giving Steinwender and Cosgrave bases on balls, which Meier, after Pearson had fouled out, had made good by a base hit and later scored on Skillton's error. Princeton ran up four runs before the game was called, and then had two men on bases and only two out. Harvard was able to hit safely but twice, while Princeton got five hits off Clarkson.

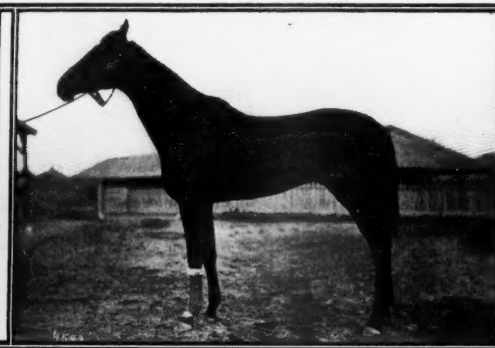
WALTER CAMP.



Gold Heels



The Finish of the Race—Gold Heels Winning



Blues

THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP, HELD AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, JUNE 14



## THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP

By WILFRED P. POND

LET OTHER countries boast of their great and classic races, the Suburban Handicap of the Coney Island Jockey Club takes off its hat to none of them.

It is a feature of metropolitan life beside which all other gatherings of sport, no matter what the type, pale and fade. It is the one race of the early summer season to which flock almost countless thousands of the richest and most fashionable set, to meet on an equality and mingle shoulder to shoulder, on the lawns and in the ring, with every other element which is a part of our magnificent democracy.

It has been written and rewritten, and yet the story is ever new, simply because it is never twice the same. This is what Willie Donoghue realized when he stood in the shadow of the club-house, watching, with a quiet smile, the magnificent finish of Gold Heels and Pentecost, doubtlessly recalling that long-ago day in 1884 when, after being practically left at the post, he rode General Monroe to victory in the very first Suburban Handicap ever run. It was indeed a happy thought on the part of the late and ever-lamented C. G. K. Lawrence when he founded what has since become the most popular racing event on the metropolitan circuit.

It has always been a race of unique happenings, full of unforeseen conclusions, often won by some horse which, metaphorically, dropped from the skies, and seldom by any but a seasoned animal, and only once has a mare—the peerless Imp—carried her rider to victory.

With all the previous years remembered, bred in the bone of metropolitan horse lovers generation by generation, what wonder was it that this year the *avant couriers* of the crowd left New York before 10 A.M. to pre-empt the best seats in the grandstand, and that, by the time the over-increasing crowd ceased coming, the veteran gateman, Edward Canary, announced fifty-two thousand people had passed, the turnstiles, something unequalled in the history of any race held round the metropolis.

At the track, the vast crowd blocked every staircase, flooded the ample lawns, paddocks and betting ring, finally overflowing—like a spring tide over the far-reaching saltings—into the infield, glad to find elbow room and ready to forget the want of a seat. Handsomely garbed women paraded up and down the crowded spaces, longing to sit, but with no chance to do so—simply kept going by the excitement. Men came down for recreation and pleasure, and emerged from the maelstrom of the ring looking as though they had been passed through a washing machine.

Eleven magnificent thoroughbreds in line at the barrier! All the tumult of the betting market was over. Gold Heels was still favorite, as he had been all winter long in the advance books, with Pentecost second choice, and a wealth of money poured in on Advance Guard, Contend, Blues and Herbert. It was a race of many opinions and of much argument—not so much as to who should theoretically win as to who should be ranked as the contender.

A moment of suspense, the starter's voice rang out, "Now, all of you, come on, come on!" The barrier rose like a flash and the slowest horse to start, Advance Guard, was, for a wonder, away in the lead. For a moment only, then crowded back to last, while Contend passed Arden like a flash, and, followed by Gold Heels and Reina, set the pace up the backstretch. The followers of the hitherto lucky Featherstone stable howled with glee as Reina appeared in the first three, and hopes of a trilogy with the Metropolitan and Brooklyn ran high.

Then Monograph, with nearly the same colors, came rushing along, and while the leaders remained unchanged all up the long backstretch, the rearguard was chopping and changing like a kaleidoscope. Then, at the turn, Blues flashed up from seventh place, recklessly driven by Shaw, forced through between Contend and the rail, bumping Contend, sending him "up in the air," and swerving against Pentecost, who was running on the outside, while Blues went triumphantly past Gold Heels and assumed the lead, to a pean of applause from the great Tammany crowd who had supported him to a man.

This was really the beginning of the mighty roar of shouting and cheering that accompanied the horses from that point to the finish. Pentecost was quickly lifted together by his midgut but very clever jockey, little Redfern, not much bigger than a bee's knee. Contend fell back almost to last, and the stretch was entered with Blues in front, under punishment, Gold Heels second and Pentecost five lengths behind the leader. Shaw might whip and urge with hand and heel, but Blues was done; still gamely struggling for a wonder, but done to a turn, killed by the hot pace. Gold Heels, running like a piece of machinery, so perfectly trained that he did not show the stress he was actually under, was drawing up slowly, until at last his nose went in front of the wabbling, staggering horse on the inner

rail, and Wonderly felt he had the great race in his hands.

Before he could get overconfident, however, as once or twice has been the case with this boy, a quick, hard patter of hoofs told of Pentecost coming with almost irresistible speed from the rear, and, with his baby rider gripping his shoulders (his legs being too short to reach anything else) as in a vise, with a whip-hand mercilessly flailing flank and thigh, with every nerve and muscle straining to get up, lacking but another fifty pounds of bone and sinew to make him a wonderfully great horse, Pentecost rushed to Gold Heels' girths, driving Wonderly to the whip, and so they passed the judges, Gold Heels first, Pentecost second and Blues third. A cyclonic whirlwind finish, a hair-raiser that swayed and pricked the mighty fifty-two thousand almost to hysteria, which fell to a wonderful human sob of relief as the palpable result was grasped before the official numbers were hoisted.

Then of the "ifs" and the "might have beens"! Of course, Pentecost was moving much the faster at the close, and was, as the race was run, apparently the better horse of the two—for Gold Heels had suffered no interference—still it was a mad struggle for Pentecost to get up, and only a masterly finish on the part of Wonderly to bring Gold Heels home a winner, with the slightest possible urging or expenditure of power. So "might have beens" must give way to the immutable fact as it stands—Gold Heels won, breaking all records for the race over that course, covering the distance in 2.05 1-5, a mighty performance.

Gold Heels lived up to his record as a great horse, slightly cobby, perhaps, but built on businesslike, thoroughbred lines, with the deep shoulders showing strength, and the massive, low-reaching quarters which give the driving power, producing speed and endurance. A true son of his dam, the famous Heel and Toe, resembling her very strongly, more so than his sire, The Bard, who had the smallest and most perfect foot ever seen on the American turf. He won the great Weight for Age race at Morris Park last year, and was then picked by most close observers as the winner of the coming Suburban, and in every race he has shown himself as a true and high-class handicap race-horse.

Pentecost, a typical Hastings colt, sired by Mr. August Belmont's great stallion, ran a phenomenal race, and, but for being a trifle shy on size—as horsemen term it—he might have won.

Wonderly, the jockey who rode the winner, is a Western boy, contracted to the stable of J. B. Haggin, who has ridden many good races, but is at times rather flighty, not yet acclimated to metropolitan honors. He has a bright future before him.

What the betting was no one knows. It was tempting broken bones and sudden death to enter the ring. Large sums were placed by commissioners, and it is estimated that upward of half a million dollars changed hands! The winner, Gold Heels, is owned by F. C. McLewee & Co., who some years ago ran the famous Yorkville Belle and other horses, but retired from the turf for several seasons, to return last year. Pentecost is owned by John E. Madden, one of the most remarkably successful owner-trainer-breeder products the world has ever seen.

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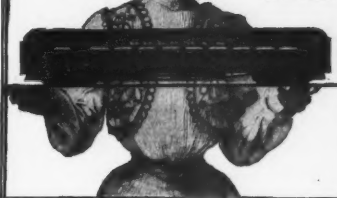
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